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FEBRUARY 1985 Vol. 7 No. 2



COVER STORY

It's Parks Canada's 100th birthday. The agency is celebrating a century of building parks the country can be proud of. But it may be a bittersweet party. Some parks were built over the protests of evicted landowners. Other people worry new parks, like one planned for the Bay of Fundy's West Isles, will threaten their livelihoods. And Parks Canada itself is facing budget cuts.

PAGE 18

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY OF PARKS CANADA



PROFILE

Fredericton's 79-year-old Dr. Everett Chalmers is known as the "good doctor" despite his gruff nature. He's a bawdy raconteur, eccentric, sportsman, Order of Canada officer and politician. But more than anything else he has been a tireless pioneer and fighter for better medical care.

PAGE 14



ART

Canada's foremost engraver, David Silverberg, is equally at home sketching in the Tantramar Marshes between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick or capturing deeper truths about the human condition in Peru or the Soviet Union. He has brought a world of disturbing beauty to the Atlantic region.

PAGE 24



FOOD

The warmth of burgundy and rose decor and the soft glow of polished wood and old silver make a perfect setting for dining on delicacies like Oysters in Emerald Butter or Chicken Elizabeth at the Blomidon Inn in Wolfville, N.S.

PAGE 30

BOOK EXCERPT

American author William W. Warner takes a look at Atlantic Canada's ports through the sea-weary eyes of foreign fishermen in an excerpt from *Distant Water, The Fate of the North Atlantic Fisherman*.

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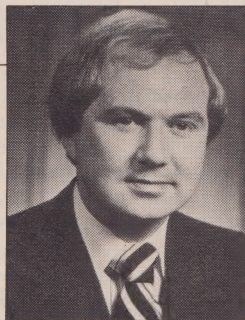
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Publisher's Letter



Parks are for people. Well, maybe

It may come as something of a surprise, but the occasion of the centennial of the national parks system in Canada is not being celebrated with universal joy and acclamation.

However, most of the problems seem to stem from the practice of establishing the parks rather than the principle of having them in the first place.

To our mind, the idea of national parks is totally admirable. And absolutely essential.

Without some kind of legal protection, you can be quite sure that at least part of our natural heritage would have been lost forever. And as someone pointed out during considerations of land as an investment, it has to be a good investment because they aren't making any more.

Preserving some of the various types of our highly diverse environment is a good idea for its own sake. The natural history of Canada, that concern with flora and fauna, is just as important as any other aspect of our history and probably a good sight more important than many.

So what went wrong? Where and why did such a laudable notion start to run afoul of the people it was designed to benefit?

As you will discover in this month's cover story, the problem with the national parks system is once more a problem of an eager bureaucracy ignoring the concerns and interests of the people most closely involved.

It is all well and good for some bright-eyed civil servant to decide that a vast chunk of some province or another is just ideal for claiming as another park, donating it to the people in perpetuity, saving it from the ravages of open-pit mining or clear cutting — but what about the

people who may be currently living on that land and whose parents and grandparents also lived in that same place?

You don't have to look very far to see the trouble that kind of approach causes. And who knows how many people accepted their dispossession with nary a grumble. While we may not be totally warm toward Jackie Vautour's methods, we have to understand at least part of how he felt.

It appears that something is coming of that confrontation and others. Public input is being sought in plans for the development of new parks. Residents, in some cases, are being allowed to stay on their property. And if it takes longer, and the proceedings become more complex, so be it. Arbitrary measures, even for our own good, are never easy to swallow.

For our part, and we probably speak for most (particularly those who have not been personally involved), we salute the 100th anniversary of the national parks program. We hope the plans for the establishment of 24 more parks come to fruition.

Let us clearly understand that man's natural habitat must be preserved from what appears to be its natural enemy: mankind.

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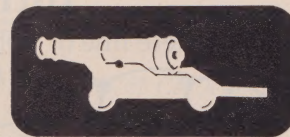
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FEEDBACK

It's Cap des Caissie

Harry Bruce's column of October entitled "Some of my best friends are bureaucrats, but ..." should be completed by "I desperately need historians as friends to get my facts straight." On item 11 of his article on "Caissie Cape, N.B." he had all his facts wrong to justify his writer's fancy. The correct place name is *Cap des Caissie*. It was given that name in 1768 by the original grantees, all descendents of Roger Quessy who settled in the Chignecto area in the 1600s. They were later "dislodged" by the English in 1755 before finding this new place to settle. When they finally got a grant in 1791, the English bureaucrat at the time changed their name to Casey which the Acadians compromised by spelling Caissie. The place was called *Cap des Caissie* for 200 years until the 1960s. The post office carried the English derivative of *Cap-Caissie* all the time it existed from 1931 to 1955. In the last few years English cottage owners began to name the area *Caissie Cape* among themselves. A petition by these cottage owners to change the name was an ungracious gesture on their part. The name still is, officially, *Cap des Caissie*. The only thing that the petition accomplished was to have the department of highways remove the sign that said *Cap des Caissie* and replace it with one that did not mention the place at all. *Caissie*

Cap did not become *Cap des Caissie* because of bureaucratic dedication as you mentioned, but *Cap des Caissie* tried to become *Caissie Cape* because of English colonial prejudice that once again tried to usurp from the Acadians what was rightfully theirs.

Maurice A. Léger
Secretary

La Société Historique de la Mer Rouge
Shediac, N.B.

Thanks for the help

I was thrilled with your November issue! Kevin Major nobly gracing the front and Ray Guy no less resplendent (as usual) in the rear. The non-inclusion of Major's books in the Newfoundland curriculum is not so much a case of "Newfoundland culture shooting itself in the foot" as it is a simple case of the director of instruction inserting his foot in his mouth. The truth of the matter is that Newfoundland students are *not* "deprived of the opportunity to view their own lives through the eyes of a sensitive and articulate spokesman" (Publisher Daley) because C. K. Brown's influence does not extend to the level of the individual school library. Teachers and students *do* have access despite the restrictive influence of one man in the division of instruction. Nevertheless, we do con-

tinue to lobby for and look forward to a more enlightened and less repressive division in the not too distant future. Thanks for your help!

Roy Babstock
Principal, Lakewood Academy
Glenwood, Nfld.

Don't overlook public libraries

I was delighted to see Kevin Major on the cover of your November issue, and enjoyed Lorri Neilsen's articles on Major, and on Canadian children's books. As a librarian in a public library, I was dismayed to note that Ms. Neilsen referred only to school libraries and bookstores as sources of children's and young adult books. Public libraries are an important community resource for children and adults alike. Children's librarians in Canada's public libraries actively promote Canadian children's literature, and public libraries often sponsor programs featuring Canadian authors. Kevin Major, Barbara Smucker, Robert Munsch, and many others, have all given readings at the Kitchener Public Library. I hope that *Insight* readers looking for the best in children's and Y.A. literature will make use of all the resources available — including their local public libraries.

Chris Corston
Kitchener, Ontario

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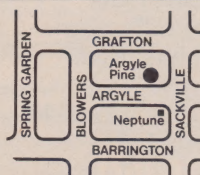
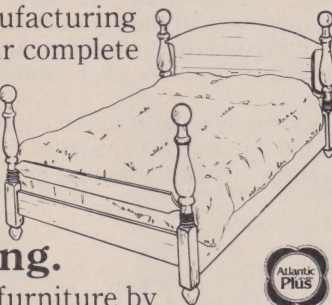
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No escape from fads

I read Ray Guy's column in November's *Atlantic Insight* today and I heartily agree with him. No, I'm not a Newfie, just a Bluenoser, but I get very disgusted with the way some people think that they must adopt the present fads. I won't. Ray forgot Cabbage Patch Kids, those hideous dolls with the ugly-shaped grey hands and feet. Because I make toys, women torment me wherever I go because I won't copy the ugly gargoyles. Women also bug me to make Smurfs and, believe it or not, Raggedy Anne dolls! It's useless to say "I'm a designer, I design and make only original toys." Yes, Ray, this old woman knows just what you mean.

Sylvia E. Weagle
Bridgewater, N.S.

No apology forthcoming

Perhaps Barbara Young and Robert Holton would be less outraged by a travel article on an impoverished island led by a brutal dictator (*Feedback* November, 1984) if they understood that the luxury resorts, the shops and the restaurants all exist because, other than foreign aid, tourism may be the Haitian people's last desperate hope for survival. I could have written about rampant tuberculosis, swol-

len, hungry bellies, missing persons and other grim realities. My family lived and worked in Haiti for two years. That kind of article has been written — it did not change Baby Doc's rule; it did not feed a hungry mouth. I wrote about a land of contrasts and a people of enormous strength and dignity. Ms. Young and Mr. Holden have asked for an apology. I offer none.

Paulette Urquhart

A survivor's anguish

A friend of mine brought your article on drinking and driving (*A deadly gamble with lives*, October, 1984) to my attention and I felt I had to respond in some way. The article is much needed and the issue can never be stressed too much in the effort to achieve some sort of public regard and awareness about "socially acceptable" killing. In a way, I represent one of the Catch 22s you spoke of, as I have suffered personal loss, as well as having to deal with others' anguish due to drinking and driving. As a police officer, for the better part of 10 years I have been a first-hand witness to the carnage on our highways due to the drunk driver. The property damage is easily recoverable, but no one truly recovers from losing someone they love, or the anguish and suffering of surviving. It has been close to four years since my brother was killed three days after his 22nd birthday at the acci-

dent scene depicted in your article. We often think we have it under wraps and safely tucked away in our minds and hearts, but it was like experiencing the anguish all over again when I saw the article. Even I, a strapping 6'4", 210 pounder, was unprepared for the pictures which vividly display my loving Rick as a shapeless, bloody lump in a blanket. Only by God's charity was I spared from being first officer on the scene that evening, as I was home sick after working the day shift as a plainclothes juvenile officer. Obviously, because of my personal involvement, I do take exception with the article because of the way it "seems" to put his death in an unfortunate but "nothing-can-be-done-for-the-dead" category. This may be factual but it completely ignores all the family and friends Rick influenced and loved and who are all now living without him. It doesn't portray that he was an excellent athlete, excelling in basketball, with ambitions of a career in animation, and even when belatedly celebrating his birthday, he took only a \$20 bill with him because he was saving for college. The same bill was returned to me as part of his personal effects. The article doesn't state either that Rick caught a ride with Duncan Wilson and the other boys just as they were leaving and hadn't been drinking with them all evening. I realize that all this is personal to my mom, Ron and myself. I do not want belittle any of the anguish and suffering of the Wests or Brent and

Danny, but we can never forget that Rick will never marry, be a father to his children, an uncle to mine or bless my mother with grandchildren. As straight to the point as the article is, I personally feel that most of its effects and accomplishments were totally negated by one casual remark. As long as even the victims of the drunk driver treat the issue with statements such as "he was just out for a drink," or "we have all got in a car with too much to drink," then society's attitude will always be one of casual annoyance about this curse. There are those of us who will never really recover from the effects of the drunk driver and as long as the attitude that "it can't happen to me" still prevails, we are going to get a lot of company in our grief.

Robert H. Maskell

Oops — we goofed

We received a number of calls from irate retailers regarding the *Folks* item on Tolspatch dolls featured in our December issue, pointing out that these dolls are available at select retail outlets in the Maritimes. Bea Humphrey is not an authorized agent for Kaizer Porcelain, the German manufacturer of Zapf dolls and only bona fide representatives of the manufacturer are authorized to sell Tolspatch dolls through retail outlets. We apologize for any embarrassment or inconvenience that may have been caused by the inaccuracies in this item.

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The death of a troubled man may change psychiatric care

Sonny King's suicide, after being refused admittance to the Cape Breton Hospital, raised a public outcry. An inquiry followed. It pointed the finger not so much at the hospital as at the lack of community support for psychiatric patients outside it

by Peter Kavanagh

At 39, John Seward (Sonny) King had a long history of psychiatric illness. In July, 1984, Sonny went to the Cape Breton Hospital seeking admission. He was feeling depressed and exhibiting suicidal tendencies. He was denied admission and a few hours later leaped to his death from the Sydney River Bridge. When Sonny King died, the long simmering disquiet in industrial Cape Breton over the operation of the Cape Breton Hospital boiled over.

For the Cape Breton County Council, it was the last straw. Councillor John Coady, a friend of Sonny King, asked that council demand that Health Minister Gerald Sheehy start an inquiry into the hospital. His motion passed unanimously and on September 24 the inquiry was established.

The King incident was only the latest in a long series of tragic events at, or associated with, the Cape Breton Hospital. Frank Sampson, president of the Cape Breton branch of the Canadian Mental Health Association, points to five deaths at the hospital in the past five years. But many think that is only the tip of the iceberg. There have been suicides, accidental deaths and one murder (an out-patient being treated for schizophrenia stabbed his mother-in-law to death) which the public associates with inadequate procedures at the hospital.

The real problem, however, might be one of perception. "People don't understand the new role of the hospital," according to Sheehy. Frank Sampson agrees that there is a misconception in the public's mind about what the hospital can and should do. "There have been a lot of changes over the years in the treatment of mental illness and for the most part they have been progressive." But Sampson thinks the hospital has fallen down in communicating to the public what the new regime of treatment is.

Psychiatric facilities formerly known as "mental hospitals" at best and "nut houses" at worst have undergone tremendous changes over the last 20 years. The Cape Breton Hospital has been no exception. It has evolved from a gloomy, forbidding, closed world, or "dumping ground for derelicts" as Sheehy put it, into an institution which emphasizes active

treatment with an out-patient orientation. As much as possible now, the mentally ill live in the community.

The transition was part of a continent-wide revolution in the understanding and treatment of mental illness. With this shift in understanding there has been an equally dramatic shift in society's attitude towards the rights of the psychiatric patient. No longer could they be hidden away, or even treated, unless clearly prescribed procedures were followed. In Nova Scotia these changes were incorporated into new legislation which was enacted in 1979. But the new Hospital Act has not been without its problems.

"It was copied from Ontario legislation and presupposes a whole network of community services which just aren't there," says Rankin MacSween, coordinator of the Criminal Justice Project at the College of Cape Breton. MacSween is of the opinion that if the alternatives to hospitalization were in place then community frustration with the hospital would be nowhere near as great. Another difficulty has been the restrictions placed on the power of the hospitals to admit individuals for treatment. The Psychiatric Facilities Review Board, established by the 1979 Hospital Act, this year recommended that changes be made to the act allowing hospitals the right to admit and treat patients in emergency situations. Under the act as it now stands in certain situations the signature of two doctors is necessary to admit a patient.

"I want to make recommendations that are realistic, and recommending the scrapping of the Hospital Act isn't realistic," says Clare Durland, a Windsor lawyer and chairman of the inquiry into the hospital. He sees his work as "getting the story and recommending to the minister where we might go from here." Durland spent two days in late November receiving representations from almost 40 community groups and individuals. Durland and Dr. Solomon Hirsch had been appointed by Sheehy to "investigate admission procedures, the death of John Seward (Sonny) King and related matters."

According to Sheehy, the inquiry was intended to "remove the cloud over the hospital." But from the start it was cloaked in controversy. Hirsch conducted

a private review of the clinical aspects of King's death and did not accompany Durland to Cape Breton for the public part of the inquiry. Durland, using his powers under the Hospital Act, decided that the inquiry would be receptive to any representation but would be conducted behind closed doors. Cape Breton County Council was outraged.

"People think there is something wrong and this type of closed inquiry won't help any," said Warden Joe Wadden. Other intervenors objected to the short notice of the inquiry dates — five days — and the decision to hold the inquiry at the hospital itself. "We think it was inappropriate to ask people with complaints about the hospital to go into the institution to register the same," said Frank Sampson.

Durland stands by his decisions. "I adopted the procedures I thought most appropriate to furthering the aims of the inquiry. And the quality, thoroughness and number of interventions I received prove me right." Durland was not prepared for the extent of the community dissatisfaction with the operation of the hospital. "The complexity of the issue is more than I anticipated," he said at the close of the inquiry. In addition to procedures, the lack of community support services and hospital-community communication, Durland heard objections to the medical model of treatment. Non-medical mental health workers want greater consultation on the issues and problems of the industrial area. But Durland cautioned everyone that he was not there to "define the role of the hospital but only to learn and recommend how the situation might be improved."

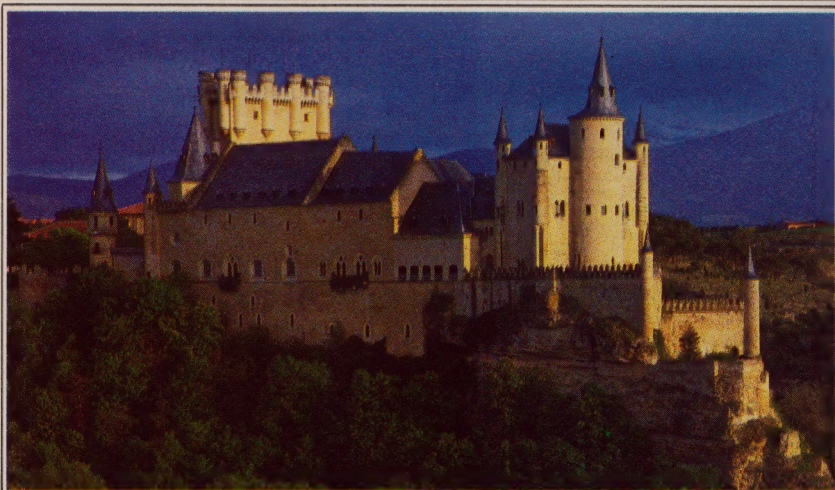
Durland and Sampson agree on at least one point. The resolution of the community-hospital split will require long-term co-operation and communication. According to Durland, "the people who appeared were neither antagonistic nor confrontational and that's good because they have a large role to play in solving the problem."

Sampson and his organization have recommended increased hospital and community interaction. "The hospital has to recognize its need to communicate with the public and the public has to understand the role of the hospital. And we all have to look at what other services are necessary."

Sonny King's death and the inquiry it sparked may have been the catalyst necessary to bring about changes in the way industrial Cape Breton and its psychiatric facility relate. Other parts of the province may benefit incidentally. While Clare Durland points out that his inquiry was restricted to the Cape Breton Hospital, he does admit that he would "be surprised if similar types of difficulties don't exist in other parts of the province."

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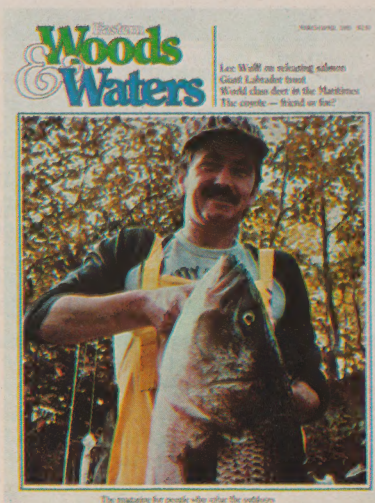
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February 1985



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CityForum

Flemming's rhetoric beside the point
It is very nice for Harry Flemming that he won a university debate about 30 years ago. Unfortunately, his recent article (*CityWatch* November, 1984) is totally beside the point as far as the ongoing debate on city development goes. He does not seem to be aware of the precise criteria used to determine if buildings are heritage properties. It can be shown without sentimentality that the Hart House is clearly of historical value. He dismisses the petition of more than 10,000 citizens against the United Equities high-rise project near the Public Gardens by saying that the area is "rife with high-rise buildings," as if the Friends of the Public Gardens were unreasonably opposed to any development in the area. In fact, no building on the block exceeds 45 feet. Examples have been given of types of development which would be compatible with the scale of the neighborhood, and would take place on the empty lot behind the Hart House. People are fighting for this kind of imaginative development which would integrate the heritage, rather than romanticize it, as Flemming assumes. All in all, his blunt rhetoric hardly lives up to his quotation of Stephenson's hope: "Richly endowed by nature, and with a wealth of historic associations and buildings, Halifax could become the most attractive city in Canada." Let us all work for it.

Friedemann Brauer, Halifax

Longards deserve recognition

Congratulations on the excellent article on Annie and Gladys Longard in your December issue. I don't know its author, Mark Alberstat, but I certainly concur with his conclusion that the Longard sisters should be introduced into the Nova Scotia Sports Hall of Fame. In fact, I have nominated and renominated them for this honor but the selection committee seems to be more sympathetic to candidates from high profile team sports such as hockey and baseball. Perhaps if some of the hundreds of badminton enthusiasts who have been coached or organized by the Longard sisters were to write to Pat Connolly, the general chairman of the selection committee, Nova Scotia Sport Heritage Centre, Suite 300, 1496 Lower Water Street, Halifax B3J 1R9, the duo might finally receive the recognition they so richly deserve. Better still, the committee should attend a local badminton tournament to observe firsthand the tremendous time, talent and energy that the Longards continue to contribute to this sport in Nova Scotia.

John D. Filliter, Dartmouth



A generation gap bridged

Too often these days children and the aged are separated. The Northwood Multi-Purpose Centre is bringing them together. The result is a special warmth

by John Darrell

Kids are great at hugging and kissing and that's what seniors need — just to be touched, or to be hugged."

A special warmth blankets the Northwood Multi-Purpose Centre as kids and seniors sing songs, play games, cut out valentines, prepare for outings or just quietly walk hand-in-hand. It's all part of a special program known as intergenerational programming.

Sheila Richards-Maguire has directed the program since it started in February, 1981. As she explains it, seniors are not the only ones to benefit.

"The children in the program benefit from seeing the whole life process — the other end of the spectrum. They learn that growing old is a natural part of life: that grey hair, wrinkles and handicaps are not something to fear. They learn to ask questions about what it is like to grow old."

Over the past few years, Northwood has become well-known for the services it provides for the senior citizens in its care. It is based on the multi-service concept developed in the United States in the 1970s and aims at providing the highest level of functional independence possible for the elderly.

Ed Roach, Northwood's president, suggested integrating preschool-age children and seniors after reading about a similar project in the U.S. The board of directors approved the plan and Maguire was hired to run the preschool centre. It's been a hit since then.

Surrounded by beaming children in the preschool snack area, senior citizen Jean Jackson explains why she thinks it has been so successful. "I love it! The program is well organized and the children mind so well. I always had

my grandpa to talk to when I was growing up — used to follow him around like a little puppy dog." She says she is used to children and loves them dearly. "I was in the lounge one time when the children came for a visit. One of them caught sight of me and yelled out 'Hi Jean!' Next thing I knew, the whole bunch were yelling 'Hi Jean, hi Jean!' I just loved it." She says that maybe the bond between young and old is so strong because "the older people are re-living."

Another elderly woman and a five-year-old boy are inseparable. Maguire says that sort of favoritism causes no problems as there are enough people to go around. "Both the seniors and the kids are so different, there's something for everyone."

She says the program gives seniors — who lead simple lives as they don't have to worry about house payments but are often single and lonely — reasons to get out and feel useful.

"They're not there to watch the kids — it's more like 'Let's get together and do something that we both know how to do.' It has to be a useful interaction, something they feel there's a purpose for."

The program is broken into three broad areas: structured activities, spontaneous activities and special outings. The organized activities are conducted on a regular basis and provide a pleasant break in the routine for everyone. They include Tuesday luncheons with songs, Wednesday baking with special attention to special holidays and birthdays, and "remotivation therapy" — sessions in which the children take part under the guidance of Northwood Centre staff. Other activities include movies, activity days and preparations for special occasions like Easter,

Valentine's Day and Halloween.

Spontaneous activities need little explanation — they are special moments when children and seniors just drop in to say hello. These moments have turned out to be among the greatest times they've had.

Special outings allow the kids and elderly to share experiences outside the centre. A harbor cruise, a train or ferry ride, city tours or visits to the wildlife park in Shubenacadie can all provide good times and learning experiences.

The learning experience is at the top of Maguire's priority list when it comes to the 15 children attending the preschool. The school runs in two-week cycles. In the first week, children work on themes like insects, sounds, emotions, spring or space. In the second week, they break into smaller groups. Older children study numbers and letters while younger ones take part in activities more suited to their age. This allows for more individualized attention.

Community response to the project has been very positive. Parents of the children involved appreciate the contact the kids have with older people. Several institutions have used the centre as a training facility for students interested in child development.

"Now the presence of children in the halls of Northwood is an everyday occurrence and both staff and residents are most receptive," says Maguire. "In today's transient society, children and seniors are often deprived of contact with one another; therefore, intergenerational programming is an excellent way of bringing young and old together and helps to develop a more positive understanding of the life cycle." **C**



SHEILA MCGUIRE

Valentine's is a lovers' affair

How to celebrate the Feast of Lovers with an intimate dinner for two, or a lavish party for friends, or by giving gifts of anything from chocolates to sexy lingerie

by Charmaine Gaudet

February has two officially noteworthy days and one of them — Groundhog Day on February 2 — is a writeoff, nothing more than a miserable drop in winter's bucket.

That leaves February 14, Valentine's Day. Now here is a day to make you sit up and take note, and not just because of all the commercial ruckus about it. After all, Valentine's Day is to celebrate the Feast of Lovers, which makes it a special occasion in its own right, whether you celebrate it with an intimate toast for two or with a party for your friends.

Valentine's Day is rooted in an ancient Roman holiday called the *Lupercalia*, which was celebrated on February 15. The feast, honoring the Roman god of animals, involved the usual sacrificial offerings and fertility rites and generally a good time was had by all. Everyone, that is, except for a certain Valentinus, a Roman accused of siding with the Christians during their persecution under Emperor Claudius II. For his sympathies, Valentinus was beheaded on the eve of the Feast of *Lupercalia* in 270 AD.

The Roman celebration slid into obscurity long ago, but Valentinus was canonized and the Feast of Valentinus remains. St. Valentine was no Casanova, as far as we know, so how his feast came to be associated with lovers is anyone's guess. There are theories, to be sure, most of them far-fetched. But this much we do know: as far back as the early 1600s lovers were exchanging sweet nothings on Valentine's Day. It's a very old tradition, this business of honoring love on the 14th of February.

A table for two

While today we're putting a few new twists into old traditions, some things will never change, particularly the practice of an intimate evening for two starting with a romantic meal.

Soft lights, candles, wine and flowers can set the mood for a sensual feast. But it pays to take time to prepare for an evening of romance by planning the meal and getting tiresome chores out of the way. If you are unsure about what to serve, Chef Bernard Meyer of the Grand restaurant and grill suggests Mussel Soup, Roast Duck and a delicious Heart Berry Cake. (The recipes accompany this story.) Get the shopping done a day ahead, or more, so you can take your time cooking the meal and setting the scene with candles and flowers. If you have children or pets, send them off to visit their grandparents or a boarding kennel for Valentine's Day and night. Once the house is empty, take your time getting ready — the idea is to enjoy the evening, not to have to recover from rushing around.

On the other hand, there's a lot to be said for getting out and having fun while someone else does all the work.

Les Deux Amies is offering a special Valentine's Day menu — a four course meal including soup, salad, the entrée served on a silver platter and dessert, plus a half a litre of house wine — for \$49.00. If you like, you can curl up in one of the love seats upstairs for your dessert and coffee.

Another possibility is to have a caterer bring a meal for two to you. Silver Spoon Savories and Desserts is featuring a Valentine's Day dinner through its catering service as well as in the restaurant.

Throw a party

Valentine's Day is a great excuse to throw a party — a surefire way to cut through the February blahs. Since Valentine's Day is a feast, include good things to eat — and lots of them.

There are two basic approaches to throwing a party. You can search through your cookbooks and scrounge through your larder and scribble down shopping lists till the cows come home. But then, instead of being the life of

the party, you'll most likely be the first to poop out. Or you can get someone to do it all for you while you relax and have fun.

The Silver Spoon caters to large and small parties, with appetizers, full-course meals or just desserts. They can recommend a special Valentine's Day menu for your party and they also have valentine desserts, including heart-shaped cheesecakes and Amaretto chocolate cheesecake. There are more than 30 hot appetizers including *spanokopita rumakis*, Indonesian meatballs and patés. Entrées include roast pork tenderloin with apricot, hazlenut and fig stuffing, and duckling with spicy kumquat sauce.

Scanway Catering specializes in food with a Scandinavian flavor, from hot and cold appetizers to open-faced sandwiches to impressive desserts. They can cater in your home or deliver prepared food. They also offer a full bar service. In addition to their regular dinner menus, Scanway features a 45-item smorgasbord for four to 700 people. Special desserts include *Kransekake*, a fancy, tower-shaped cake with an almond base, and a dessert tray assortment with almond tortes, meringues, gingerbread hearts and lots more.

Need a hostess for your party? The Group Model and Talent Agency can provide one. Dressed as a French maid or Cupid, she will greet your guests, hang coats, refill drinks and food trays, and generally manage the party — leaving you time to mingle. If you ask her to, the hostess can also help pick up afterwards.

Whether you have your party staged professionally or do it all yourself, it pays to plan ahead. February may not top the social events calendar, but people do venture out and may have other plans. To be safe, send out invitations a couple of weeks in advance. For really big parties, make that a month.

It is important to make a list of

everything that has to be done, even the most seemingly insignificant detail, and give yourself time to get everything done. Some tips that will help your party get off the ground include:

- *Make sure you have ample space to hang coats. For a big party, rent an extra coat rack if necessary. This saves people from rummaging through a mountain of clothing when they're ready to leave.

- *Make sure you have more glasses than you think you'll need.

- *Provide enough coasters if you're concerned about your furniture.

- *Provide enough ashtrays and make sure you have big ones.

- *If you're serving wine to a large group, consider renting a wine fountain. They make interesting centrepieces and guests can serve themselves.

Gifts and greetings

Valentine's Day is also a day on which many people exchange gifts and greetings — for example, traditional heart-shaped boxes trimmed with satin and lace. While the box may be old hat, some not-so-traditional goodies have been thrown in — chocolate-coated fruits and pralines, and chocolates filled with all manner of spirits from whiskey and rum to cognac and Amaretto, the almond-flavored Italian liqueur of love. A hot new trend is to give chocolate truffles and you can get a gift box of these decadent delicacies at several dessert stores.

Flowers are another Valentine's Day staple — in fact it is the busiest time of the year for florists. Once, roses monopolized the valentine market but now European cut flowers — iris, alstromeria, lilies and freesia — are gain-

ing popularity quickly.

Lately, floral bouquets have been giving way to balloons. For Valentine's Day, the balloons come heart-shaped in red, pink, silver or white. Balloon Magic offers a special "Sweetheart Bouquet," a four-tiered arrangement with trailing satin streamers.

Kathy MacCulloch and Willa Magee of Dartmouth offer a unique service for valentine gift-givers — baskets filled with anything from food to flowers to bath products. They call their company Goody Baskets. Their motto is We'll Basket Anything.

As it is the Feast of Lovers, one of the most appropriate gifts may be sexy lingerie. Knowing what a woman would like, however, can be perplexing since "lingerie" today includes everything from frilly baby dolls to man-style underwear. Clique, a Halifax store that features Nova Scotian fashions, has a solution — Lori Ashton's Serendipity Designs. This popular line ranges from the barest silk teddies to full-length gowns trimmed

with ruffles and laces.

A visit to any stationery store will show that Valentine's Day card sales are still strong. But cards aren't the only way to get your message across. You can have it sung or rhymed or printed on balloons or hand-written in fancy calligraphy. You can have it delivered by a Cupid, a juggling clown, a gorilla or a playboy bunny.

Live Wire Productions, a service of The Group model agency, can provide costumed couriers to deliver your gifts. The couriers can read or sing your greeting and, if you want, they can also pick up something nice for you to give as a gift.

Greetings Hot and Cold specializes in providing singing couriers. The deluxe package includes a costumed courier, recitation of a personalized poem, a personalized calligraphy message, a bouquet of balloons and a rose for a lady or a carnation for a gent.

There are many ways to celebrate the Feast of Lovers. The important thing is to do it, relax and have fun. **C**



Throwing a party? Hire a hostess dressed as Cupid

Lingerie makes an appropriate gift for the Feast of Lovers

PHOTOS BY ALBERT LEE

A sensual feast

Fresh. Clean. Pure. Natural. These are words Bernard Meyer, head chef at the Grand restaurant and grill in Spring Garden Place, uses to describe the qualities he strives for in the dishes he prepares.

"This is 1985. We have to see food differently, try new things, and apply new methods. No longer should we mask the taste of food with heavy sauces." Instead, Meyer embraces a new approach that emphasizes natural flavors, exciting blends of complementary flavors and textures, and imaginative presentation. The result is a delight to the palette and the eyes — truly, a sensual feast.

For Valentine's Day, Meyer has created a special dinner menu for four. For two people, simply decrease the quantities accordingly. To complete the meal add a bottle of your favorite wine, a crusty loaf, and a tossed green salad. Bernard suggests Belgian endive with walnuts, tossed with a walnut oil vinaigrette.

Mussel Soup

1 kg mussels
10 g shallots, finely chopped
20 g onions, finely chopped
a few sprigs parsley and dill
1/4 bay leaf
100 ml dry white wine
25 g julienne of celery
25 g julienne of carrots
20 g butter
500 ml fish stock
2 tbsp. curry powder
200 ml double cream
1 egg yolk
salt and freshly ground pepper
a pinch of chervil

Wash mussels in cold water, taking care to remove the "beards." Put the mussels, shallots, onions, herbs and wine in a covered pot, bring to a boil, then let simmer for 5 minutes. Remove the mussels from their shells. Strain the remaining liquid through cheesecloth. Sauté the celery and carrots in butter in a separate pot. Add the fish stock and mussel liquid. Reduce to half, then add the cream. Put the mussels in the soup, remove from the heat and add the egg yolk. Add the

curry powder and season to taste. Garnish with the chervil and serve hot.

Roast Duck

2 kg duck
20 garlic cloves
250 g butter
100 g parsley
4 heads endive
1 tsp. dijon mustard
1 tbsp. olive oil
250 ml dry white wine
salt and pepper

Crush the garlic and place in a bowl. Add 100 g of butter, the mustard and seasonings. Stuff the duck with the mixture. Tie the duck and brush the skin with olive oil. Roast the



duck at 450°F for 18 minutes, then sauté in butter until crisp. Debone the duck. Put the breast aside, keeping it warm. Sauté the legs in butter for about 5 minutes. Remove the stuffing from the duck and crush the bones with a heavy knife. Pour the fat out of the roasting pan and sauté the duck bones. Add the white wine. Reduce to half and add water to the level of the bones. Strain and keep warm. Cut the endives in julienne strips and gently sauté them in the butter. Arrange the endive and the duck on four plates. Boil the sauce and add the remaining

butter while stirring constantly. Pour the sauce over the duck.

Heart Berry Cake

The term "Heart Berry" comes from Beatrice Buisack's cookbook *The Strawberry Connection* in which she notes that this luscious berry has a heart shape. For this reason, Meyer has featured the strawberry in his Valentine's Day menu.

250 g fresh or frozen strawberries for cake
200 g fresh or frozen strawberries for sauce
80 g sugar
8 gelatin leaves (previously soaked in water)*
30 ml kirsch
250 ml whipping cream
sponge cake, 4 rings, approximately 8 cm in diameter by 1/2 cm high
almonds (optional)

Blend the strawberries at slow speed, reserving 4 good berries for presentation. Dissolve the gelatin leaves in the purée. Set aside 10 tablespoons of the mixture for use for a final glaze. On a bed of ice, vigorously whip the cream until firm. Blend in the sugar and kirsch. Place the 4 pieces of sponge cake in the bottom of 4 metal rings 2 cm high by 8 cm in diameter. Blend the cream mixture with the strawberry purée until slightly thickened. Then pour the mixture equally into each ring. If desired, line the side of the rings with almonds. Refrigerate for 4 hours. Once chilled, brush the remaining 10 tablespoons of purée on to the cake as a glaze. Chill again, then carefully remove the metal rings. If desired, just before serving, sprinkle top with sugar and brown under broiler for a minute. Serve with strawberry sauce.

Strawberry Sauce

Blend the remaining strawberries at slow speed and pour the sauce around each cake. Garnish with a sprig of fresh mint and a strawberry.

Heart Berry Cake is featured in *CityStyle's* cover photo.

* available in specialty food stores

Ahhh . . . does that feel good!

Hot showers are a poor second to the soothing heat of a sauna where you can sit or lie in comfort while you sweat the small stuff from your life. For the diehards, there is even room to pace

by Brent King

Some like it hot. Some like it cold. Sauna bathers like it hot and cold — in that order, the more times the better.

And, appropriately enough, few are lukewarm on the sauna's merits or drawbacks. Many try the sauna's soothing heat and become converts to its relaxing, invigorating properties. Others think of sitting and sweating in a cedar-lined room as a stifling claustrophobic practice, more suitable for a lobster boil.

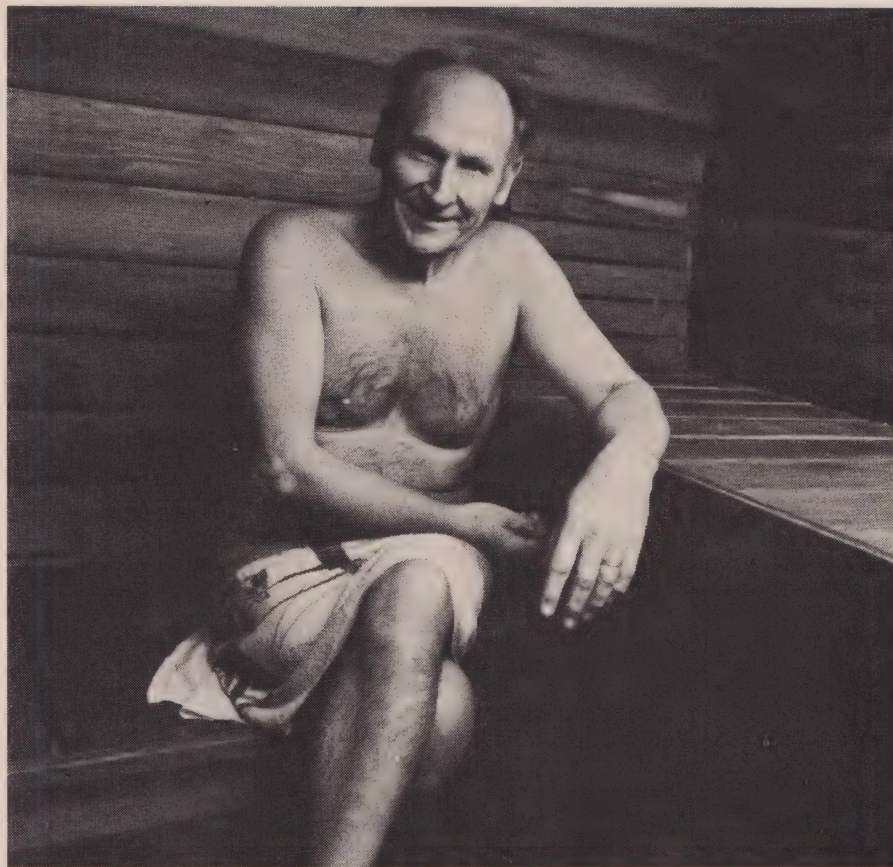
While the number of sauna devotees in Atlantic Canada has never been bared through statistics, it remains more of a luxury pastime than an integral way of life, as it is for the Finns. Here, it's estimated that there are dozens of saunas in hotels, health spas, residences, armed forces barracks and the like.

A select handful of individuals, such as local physician Bill Josenhans, have their own private saunas. A professor at Dalhousie University's department of physiology and biophysics, Josenhans designed and built a sauna cottage near his home on the edge of Lake Micmac. That was 12 years ago, when his customized sauna with lounge cost \$3,000.

He's still both lyrical and clinical about saunas when he gets warmed up. "The sauna is the gourmet restaurant of the skin senses, like the concert hall to the ear and the art gallery to the eye," he tells a visitor who he invited to share his sauna just hours earlier.

Josenhans' thoughts flow like the droplets of sweat in the cozy, benched chamber as he explains the body's hot and cold receptors. It's their action that makes it pleasant to hold an ice cube on a hot summer day, or, by contrast, to stand in front of a blazing fire after a winter outing.

"In a centrally-heated environment," he says, "there's no stimulation of the hot and cold receptors. We need a constant stream of sensory input into



Josenhans: a great alternative to coffee, tranquilizers and sleeping pills

our brain. The more impulses flowing, the more it charges you and makes you feel awake and alive."

So much for a textbook explanation of temperature extremes as part of the sauna's sensual pleasure. Josenhans puts it to the test with a plunge in the lake. This late November evening (the air is about 9° Celsius to the water's 4°), he stands dripping on the dock, the steam wafting upwards. The sauna is even more invigorating, he says, when it's colder outside. In fact, during the winter, Josenhans must use a chainsaw to rip through the ice. Then it's cold enough to freeze your hair!

A sauna, he says, relaxing on a lower bench, is a good alternative to the vicious stress-induced cycle of strong coffee in the morning, tranquilizers throughout the day and sleeping pills at night.

His enthusiasm for the sauna, however, is offset by the concerns of Dr. Patricia Beresford, director of the Preventive Medicine Centre at the Halifax YMCA. While a sauna can help relax tense muscles, it should be used with caution, and not at all by some people, she says.

Anyone with a heart problem could have a severe reaction to overheating and water loss, Beresford says. Individuals with blood pressure ailments should be careful too, since they are likely already on medication. Pregnant women, whose circulatory system is al-

ready under more stress, run a greater risk of fainting, she says.

Beresford prefers the steam room to a sauna. Without moderation in the sauna, she says, bathers could become dehydrated, dizzy, nauseous and even pass out.

Otherwise healthy people could misuse the sauna. She says people who have just had a stint of hard exercise should not take a sauna right away; they should cool down, take a shower, replenish lost fluids and wait for their



Beresford stresses moderation

heart rates to return to normal.

About 15 per cent of those who work out at the YMCA's fitness centre use either the sauna, or the whirlpool or the steam room. That's about 100 men and an equal number of women (saunas are segregated) a day, says director Terry Moore. "The sauna is one of the drawing cards for memberships," Moore says. "We've never had a heart attack or anybody faint." Like other public spas, the YMCA posts a safety notice about use of the facilities.

"I can't do without it anymore," says CBC employee George Zwaagstra, following a lunchtime stint in the sauna. "It's really relaxing before a swim," says Zwaagstra, who takes four or five saunas a week.

At Dalhousie University's Dalplex, acting director Tony Martin estimates that 15 to 20 per cent of the 1,500 daily users unwind in the sauna. "You get the best shave in a sauna," he says, although it's discouraged for sanitary reasons.

Sauna sales for residences either lag behind or surpass hot tubs depending on the dealer you talk to. Otis O'Hara, sales manager at Atlantic Chemical & Supply Ltd., says, "It's a coming market, it needs a lot of advertising." O'Hara, a past president of the Canadian Spa and Pool Association, sells a maximum of eight sauna kits (which cost \$2,500 to \$4,000) a year.

At Loon Lake Hot Tubs, Spas &

Saunas, president Matt McPherson says he's selling two heater kits a week to do-it-yourselfers. Of the various spa items, saunas are the biggest sellers because they're more traditional and cost less, he suggests. He estimates that anyone handy with tools could put a sauna in a house, cottage or ski chalet for less than \$1,000.

McPherson says saunas fall into the luxury item market which has recently been on the upswing, as evidenced by higher sales of color TVs or VCRs. "It may be consistent," McPherson adds, "with our high pressure lifestyle, stressful careers, and increased awareness in fitness."

So what does the sauna have to do with fitness? Well, it cleans the body from the inside out, getting rid of wastes in the form of perspiration. And it's estimated that the average body has 2 million sweat glands — that works out to 100 in a patch of skin the size of quarter.

In the sauna's heat, pores open up and sweat flushes out. As well, the blood vessels expand and the flow of blood increases significantly. Handling the extra blood flow gives the heart a moderate workout. The result? Sharpened senses and a good night's sleep.

Even if North Americans aren't born in the sauna, like the Finns of old, they can still experience the feeling of being "reborn." Enthusiasts agree it's a great way to end a hectic day. **C**

It's no sweat to find testimonials to the sauna ritual in Finland: there are 1 million of them for 4.7 million Finns. None other than former president Urho Kekkonen has said, "In the sauna I relax physically and get spiritual recreation. The cozy atmosphere in the sauna creates a willingness to settle disputes. Life without sauna seems to me impossible."

Visiting Canadians and Americans can expect the same sort of sentiments from their hosts. "The best place to do business is in the sauna," says Jyry Louhiso, a Helsinki-based export consultant with the Finnish Foreign Trade Association.

"Final decisions are often made in the sauna," Louhiso says, "although the preparations are done before. You are so relaxed and have a nice feeling that you don't want to argue anymore."

Louhiso, who often spends up to six hours in the sauna — including resting, swimming and eating — expands on the social aspect. "If you have a contact, you can get friendly and familiar with him," he says, totally oblivious to any North American innuendoes.

Finns take their saunas and hospitality seriously. With saunas in homes, cottages, factories, and a Finnish Sauna Society with a 40-page publication, saunas are a tradition, not a fad.

Helsinki's Hotel Inter-Continental, for example, offers tips along the following lines (in eight languages) to its guests:

- There are no hard and fast rules. Spend as long as seems pleasant at a temperature which feels comfortable.
- Make sure you have plenty of time. Don't eat a heavy meal or have a lot to drink beforehand.
- Take a shower before entering the sauna and preferably don't wear a bathing suit. For hygienic purposes, sit on a towel.
- Maintain a temperature of 80° to 100° Celsius. Increase humidity gradually by throwing small amounts of water on the heated stones. Stay only as long as it feels comfortable. Beginners should restrict themselves to a few minutes at a time.
- Cool off by taking a shower or swimming or lounging. Repeat the whole process as many times as you like. Those with heart trouble or high blood pressure should avoid sudden extreme changes in temperature, and not plunge directly into the pool.
- Finish off with a shower, relax and drink something refreshing (hard liquor is discouraged but beer is okay). Get dressed after your body temperature has returned to normal.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

MAKE AN INVESTMENT IN FITNESS

We extend a sincere welcome to "The Park Athletic Club" (formerly known as Burnside Athletic Club). The club is under new management (Park Foods Limited).

The next two months will produce much desired leasehold improvements to the club: upgrade program for all courts, new look in the lounge, new carpet and wallpaper.

By way of introducing the club's management the following is provided:

General Manager: Ian Macpherson
Ass't. Mgr./Program Director: Linda Halsey
Ass't. Mgr./Membership Co-Ordinator:
Cynthia Burney

The entire staff of the Park Athletic Club looks forward to meeting everyone, and together we shall create a social athletic club we can all be proud of.

- 4 indoor tennis courts
- 4 outdoor tennis courts
- 5 squash courts
- Nautilus fitness centre
- suntanning centre
- professional instruction

- saunas
- pro shop
- string service
- towel service
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- bar and lounge



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Atlantic Canada's most complete athletic club

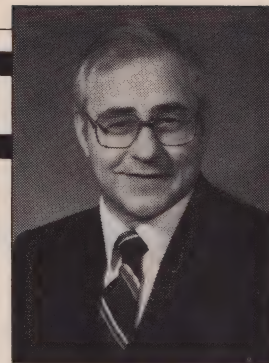
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CITYSTYLE

ATLANTIC INSIGHT, FEBRUARY 1985



Take charge of your destiny: you have to work for profits

In the summer of 1983, after the stock market had made a dramatic recovery following the worst recession since the 1930s, an otherwise stable, professional man in his 50s told me he was quitting his job to play the stock market. He'd put a sizeable chunk of cash into stocks in mid-1982 and made a bundle following his broker's tips. Easy. Too easy.

He knew nothing about investing. He'd just sent away for a well-advertised home study course. His brokers (he had several in a number of firms) told him what to do. His total involvement was to agree with them, count his winnings, and to dream of a life of ease and riches. Nothing to it!

Naive? Most people would think so, particularly if they had any experience at all with the stock market. Yet his story is similar to that of thousands of new investors who flock to brokers' offices every time stock prices head upward. (Not so many are around when they should be — when stock prices are low and headlines talk of economic hard times.)

This man was very excited. He needed to be brought down to earth. He needed to face reality.

After discussion and a hard-nosed survey of the pitfalls awaiting the unwary, he came to realize he'd been just plain lucky, as gamblers sometimes are. So he kept his job, made some profits before the market's subsequent decline, and now has the capital (and a little more knowledge) to have a reasonable chance at future successes.

"Five of seven of my broker's recent recommendations lost money and two broke even," he told me some weeks later. "I guess almost anyone could have made money when I did. Now, it's not so easy."

He had learned a valuable lesson: the key to making money in the stock market is correct timing. Each time the market hits bottom a proportion of rank beginners buy and get lucky. Some make spectacular gains and their stories spread. People are quick to boast of their winnings; reluctant to talk about losses.

This makes it all look easy to the uninitiated and therein lies the trap. For instance, if your Uncle Joe's broker gave him a real winner you may

want to give the broker a call and see what he's got for you. There are two things to consider right off the bat. Uncle Joe's broker will always have *something*, because he is a commissioned salesman. And, if he were such a whiz he wouldn't be a broker; he'd be a millionaire investor. The same applies to the analysts upon whom he relies.

Brokers and analysts, some of them excellent, have their uses. With few exceptions, they want happy clients. Happy clients mean more commissions in the future. Why, then, do the majority of investors lose money most of the time?

We need to be able to assess risk...so that the "risk" of making money is greater than the risk of losing it

The most common belief is that the "professionals" are the first to have the important facts and the little guy is left out in the cold. But if stock price movements are based solely on facts, why don't the professionals do better? Dozens of studies have been carried out in the U.S. in the past 40 years involving the records of hundreds of analysts, pension fund and mutual fund managers and thousands of their favorite stocks. A whopping 71 per cent performed worse than the average for Standard & Poor's basket of 500 stocks. Since those stocks at any given time include a number of duds that

common sense would say to avoid, one might suppose that these people should outperform the average.

And if *they* can't, what chance for you and me? Surprisingly, we have a better chance. We can make decisions in minutes, while institutional decisions often involve committees. Managers, under pressure to perform, often try to play it safe (which means going along with the pack, which is often wrong). Analysts, particularly those working for stock brokerage firms, must avoid upsetting the management of companies they report on for two reasons: to do otherwise risks cutting off their sources of information, and corporations seeking to issue more shares may not give the lucrative underwriting to a brokerage house that has been critical in the past.

The essential conclusions to be drawn from all this are:

- We must take charge of our own destiny. It's our money; we mustn't expect someone else to do all the work so we can reap all the benefits.

- We cannot have all the facts all the time: and, if we could, how would we put an accurate value on each? We need to know how to use the decision-making tools that are instantly available to all of us.

- We need to know when to buy and, perhaps more importantly, when to sell.

- We need to be able to assess risk and to apply that assessment so the "risk" of making money is greater than the risk of losing it.

You wouldn't expect to start a business without knowing something about it. You wouldn't hire managers to make all the decisions. But, you would make sure you were psychologically suited to the new business. The same rules apply to the stock market. If you're prepared to work at it, to make it your business, you should find this column helpful. If you want a chance of big money without work, buy lottery tickets. **C**

Letters to Sydney Tremayne, author of *Take the Guessing Out of Investing*, can be addressed to CityStyle, 1668 Barrington Street, Halifax, N.S., B3J 2A2. Please include stamped self-addressed envelope for reply.

A celebration of Bach

J. S. Bach was born 300 years ago. David MacDonald, a noted Canadian organist obsessed by Bach, has orchestrated a year-long celebration of his organ music through a series of concerts in churches around Metro

by Heather Laskey

Yet another complaint had been lodged against the young church organist. This time he was charged with allowing a "stranger maiden" to visit the organ loft and make music there. The organist — also a composer, which was common at the time — was to be the subject of many complaints during his life. The town officials who were his first employers complained that he made many curious variations in a chorale and "mixed many strange tones into it, so that the congregation has become confused thereby." A critic once sniped that he would be the admiration of whole nations if only he would not diminish the quality of his compositions with a "confused and turgid" style.

The subject of these complaints and criticisms made a lot of music in his lifetime, music which has inspired and been cribbed by other composers from Beethoven, Brahms and Igor Stravinsky to Dave Brubeck, the Beatles, skat singers, electronic sound synthesizer players and jazz combos.

His name, of course, was Johann Sebastian Bach of whose music Yehudi Menuhin, the great violinist, has written that its "purity expresses our highest ethics, our strongest morality, our noblest sentiments . . . This is music standing on the pinnacle of human discovery and invention . . . music which joined art and science, thereby moving people's hearts and disciplining their minds in a compelling, living experience in time."

The tri-centenary of J. S. Bach's birth in 1685 in northern Germany is being celebrated this year in Halifax in an appropriate manner. One of



David MacDonald: sharing his obsession with Bach's music

Canada's most impressive organists, David MacDonald, is playing a good chunk of Bach's organ output, including the major preludes and fugues, in a series of concerts at churches around the city. The series has been arranged by the BWV 1985 Society, which was set up specifically for this purpose. (BWV refers to the cataloguing code for Bach's works.)

MacDonald, 32, grew up in Port Morien, Cape Breton, studied organ at Dalhousie and McGill universities, and, through a Canada Council award, in Paris with the great French organist, Marie-Claire Alain. Now based in Halifax, he has given recitals in England, France and across Canada. Last year, at a recital in Kitchener-Waterloo — a musically well-educated area — he received a standing ovation and excellent reviews for a performance.

In keeping with tradition, he is employed as church organist and choir-master — at Rockingham United Church, where, he says, "I'm very fortunate to work with a minister who appreciates music as a very important and integral part of a worship service."

He also plays the harpsichord with professional chamber music ensembles, and has built a solid reputation for his knowledge of and performance in the baroque style. I first heard him playing Bach on this instrument. It was after the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra collapsed, when small chamber recitals were the only live classical music available in town. MacDonald organized a series of Sunday afternoon concerts at the Rockingham church, playing with Anne Rapson, Burt Wathen and Shimon Walt who were to become Symphony Nova Scotia's principal

violin, viola and cello. The concert was delightful and was followed by a tea, including asparagus sandwiches, served by the church ladies. It was the best, and least-known, freebie in town.

MacDonald is a small, emotional man, obsessed with music — J. S. Bach in particular — and a desire to share the pleasure with the world. With the BWV 1985 Society, he started preparing the celebration years ago, planning the program according to the liturgical calendar. Thus on November 10 for example, the Clavierbung Part III, sometimes referred to as the Lutheran organ mass, and known for its symbolism on Holy Trinity, will be played — and sung — at St. Paul's, at the Grand Parade, a church which was built before Bach's death in 1750.

The music of J. S. Bach, the greatest master of harmony and of counterpoint, who, as Menuhin puts it, turns his themes "upside down, inside out, backwards and sideways" and whose beautiful dissonances can still shock ears habituated to contemporary music, is, this year at least, not going to be in short supply around the city, thanks to the BWV Society.

One must, however, trust that there will be no occurrences during the celebration like the street brawl in 1705 when Bach was set upon by five boys, led by a member of the church choir whom he had infuriated by calling a "Zippel-faggotist" — "nanny-goat bassoonist." The unseemly event occasioned yet another complaint to the city fathers. As for the "stranger maiden" — she became the first Mrs. J. S. Bach.

For more information about Bach concerts, call the BWV 1985 Society at 429-5628, evenings.

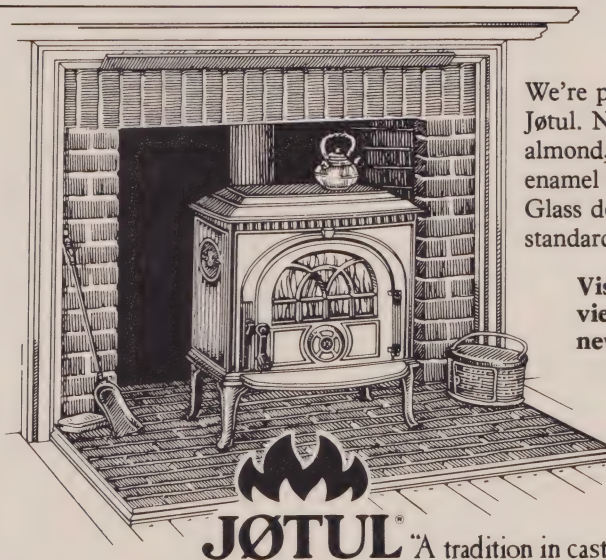
GADABOUT

ART GALLERIES & MUSEUMS

Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery. To Feb. 10: Downstairs & Upstairs: *Eleventh Annual University Community Art, Craft, Baking, Hobby and Talent Show*. Feb. 15-Mar. 10: Downstairs and Upstairs: *Tom Miller and the Mermaid Theatre*. This exhibition, featuring masks, puppets, costumes, posters, banners and films, highlights the important role that Mermaid's co-founder and resident designer Tom Miller has played in shaping Mermaid's reputation. It also celebrates the theatre's contribution to Nova Scotia's cultural life. This exhibition is assisted by a grant from the Nova Scotia department of culture, recreation and fitness. Bedford Highway. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 1-5 p.m.; Tues., 9 a.m.-9 p.m.

Anna Leonowens Gallery (N.S. College of Art & Design). Feb. 5-22. Gallery I: Selections from the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design Litho Workshop. Feb. 5-9. Gallery II: *The Blue Stone Quarry Project* — a group sculpture exhibition. Feb. 5-9. Gallery III: *Julie Davidson Ceramics*. Feb. 12-16. Gallery II: David Clark, *New Locations* — sound and video installation. Feb. 12-16. Gallery III: Alan Smith, *I Can't Leave, It's Too Beautiful* — painting. Feb. 19-23. Gallery II: Jay Perry, *Wooden Stretchers*. Feb. 19-23. Gallery III: Donna Dolson — paintings and drawings. Feb. 26-Mar. 8. Galleries I & II: *Staff of the Nova Scotia College of Art & Design*. Feb. 26-Mar. 2. Gallery III: Donna Hiebert — sculpture. Mar. 5-9. Gallery III: Joanne Poirier, *Sticks and Stones* — jewelry. Mar. 12-29. Gallery I: Michael Byron, *Working Drawings and One Candle* — drawings. Mar. 12-16. Gallery II: Mark Verabioff, *Skin* — installation. Mar. 12-16. Gallery III: Thadeus

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By 1836, the Acadian Hotel had opened here. And clientele were especially attracted by its proximity to the Provincial seat of power. By the turn of the century, it was said that more government business was taking place in the dining room of the Acadian Hotel than in the chambers of Province House.

As long as there has been government and authority in Nova Scotia, there has been a place for those who do government business. Today, as always, it stands directly across Granville Street.

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Holownia — photographs. Mar. 19-23. Gallery II: Printmakers group exhibition. Mar. 19-23. Gallery III: Darcy Mann — paintings. Mar. 26-30. Gallery II: Shawn Westlaken — sculpture and painting. Mar. 26-30. Gallery III: Yves Arkand, *Not Forgetting* — color photographs. 1891 Granville Street. 422-7381, Ext. 184. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Thurs., 11 a.m.-9 p.m.; Closed Sun. & Mon.

Dalhousie Art Gallery. To Feb. 10: *The 31st Annual Dalhousie Student, Staff, Faculty and Alumni Exhibition* — an annual university exhibition which showcases the artistic talent of members of the Dalhousie community. Feb. 14-Mar. 24: *Expron: Expressionism Ontario* — an extensive display of contemporary work by 17 Ontario artists. Sponsored by Lavalin Incorporated. Dalhousie University Campus, 6101 University Ave. Hours: Tues.-Fri., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. evening, 7-10 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 1-5 p.m. Closed Mondays.

Dartmouth Heritage Museum. Feb. 11-Mar. 3: Doug Allan — photographs. Mar. 4-24: Jill Field (Alexander) — mixed media. 100 Wyse Road. For information call 421-2300.

Saint Mary's University Art Gallery. Feb. 12-Mar. 30: An exhibition of paintings by *Graham Metson*. SMU Campus, 429-9780. Hours: Tues., Wed., Thurs., 1-7 p.m.; Fri., 1-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 2-4 p.m. Closed Mondays.

Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. To Feb. 24. Main Gallery: *David Blackwood*. Mezzanine Gallery: *Susan Feindel: Intensive Care*. Second Floor Gallery: *Canadian Painting from The Collection — Contemporary Painting*. Feb. 28-Apr. 28. Main and Mezzanine Galleries: *A Record for Time* — organized by the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia and supported by Museum Assistance Programmes, National Museums of Canada. Second Floor Gallery: *Canadian Painting from The Collection — Folk Art*. 6152 Coburg Road. Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; Thurs., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sun., 12 p.m.-5:30 p.m.

CLUB DATES

Teddy's, piano bar at Delta Barrington Hotel. To Feb. 2: Alan Fawcett. Feb. 4-16: Kim Bishop. Feb. 18-23: Alan Fawcett. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m.-1 a.m. Happy hour, 5-7 p.m.

THEATRE

Neptune Theatre. Feb. 8-Mar. 3: *And When I Wake* — a new Canadian thriller by James W. Nichol. He is the author of a recent smash hit called *Relative Strangers*. Unfolding like a

good Agatha Christie novel, *And When I Wake* is set in a deserted summer home. The plot melts away to reveal untold, dark secrets of years past.

IN CONCERT

Rebecca Cohn Auditorium. Feb. 8: *Repercussion*, a band which presents a choreographed performance, replete with jokes, stunts, snappy costumes and evocative lighting effects. Feb. 23: *Theatre Ballet of Canada* will perform a mixed program of short ballets. Feb. 24: The *John Alphonse Variety Hour* features some of the funniest and liveliest of our own talented community and several surprise guests. March 7: the *Oxford String Quartet* gives a special 20th anniversary performance. March 9: *Uzeb* — Quebec's number one jazz quartet.

SPORTS

Dalhousie Varsity Schedule

Men's & Women's Swimming:

Feb. 1: Mount Allison/Memorial University of Newfoundland at Dalhousie.

Men's Hockey: Feb. 9: Université de Moncton at Dalhousie; Feb. 13: Saint Mary's University at Dalhousie.

Men's Volleyball: Feb. 15: University of New Brunswick at Dalhousie.

Women's Volleyball: Feb. 6: St. F.X. at Dalhousie; Feb. 14: Exhibition Game at Dalhousie; Feb. 16: Université de Moncton at Dalhousie

Men's Basketball: Feb. 1: Mount Allison at Dalhousie; Feb. 2: Mount Allison at Dalhousie; Feb. 8: UPEI at Dalhousie; Feb. 9: UPEI at Dalhousie; Feb. 21: St. F.X. at Dalhousie; Feb. 23: University of New Brunswick at Dalhousie; Feb. 24: University of New Brunswick at Dalhousie; Feb. 26: Nova Scotia Stars.

Women's Basketball: Feb. 1: Mount Allison at Dalhousie; Feb. 2: UPEI at Dalhousie; Feb. 5: St. F.X. at Dalhousie; Feb. 9: University of New Brunswick at Dalhousie; Feb. 15: Saint Mary's University at Dalhousie.

Dartmouth Sportsplex. Feb. 1-3: Skate Dartmouth (Winter Carnival); Dartmouth High Hockey Finals.

Metro Valley Junior A Hockey: Feb. 10: Dartmouth Fuel Kids versus Cole Harbour Colts. Feb. 16: Dartmouth Fuel Kids versus Halifax Lions. Feb. 23: Dartmouth Fuel Kids versus Moncton Hawkes. Feb. 24: Dartmouth Fuel Kids versus Amherst Ramblers.

Metro Valley Senior A Hockey: Feb. 3: Moosehead Mounties versus Bridgewater Ten Pennies. Feb. 10: Moosehead Mounties versus Windsor Schooners. Feb. 17: Moosehead Mounties versus Bridgewater Ten Pennies. Feb. 24: Moosehead Mounties versus Chester Olands Exports.



DINE OUT

OLD MAN MORIAS



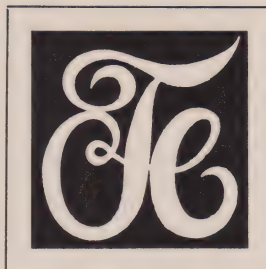
Old Man Morias is warm, intimate, and relaxed. Here you can enjoy the finest Greek cuisine, specializing in lamb, veal, and shrimp. There are homemade breads and pastries, and wines specially imported from Greece. Dinner for two, around \$32, including wine and appetizer.

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Wednesday/Thursday/Friday
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Dinner served from 5:00 pm

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Reservations: 469-3187



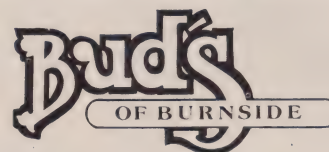
Friendly and relaxed. You are encouraged to linger. Full menu includes soups, salads, crepes, chicken, and of course, fabulous desserts. Fully licensed. Dinner for two: \$25-30

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Closed Sunday
Spring Garden Place
Monday-Wednesday 9:00 am-7:00 pm
• Thursday-Friday 9:00 am-9:00 pm
• Saturday 9:00 am-5:30 pm • Sunday 12:00 noon-5:00 pm

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2:00 pm
Dinner specials 5:00 pm-
10:00 pm

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Sunday 2:00 pm-8:00 pm

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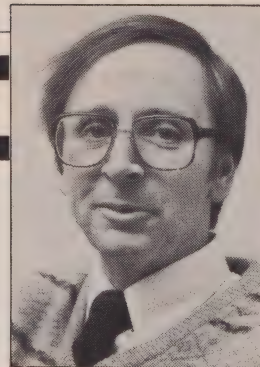
DJ's on Spring Garden Road has the cozy Cafe for early morning breakfast, hearty lunches, and tempting afternoon desert and coffee. The Back Room Restaurant and Patio features superb lunches and dinners from a splendid menu. Appetizers, steak, lobster shish ka bobs, and scrumptious desserts. Enjoy exotic cocktails, and fine wines. DJ's Restaurant dinner for two, about \$35.00 includes wine and desserts.

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Hours: 11:30am - 11:30pm
Saturday & Sunday Brunch
11:30am - 8:00pm

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Cafe 429-7256 Restaurant 429-6786



New symptoms of highway fever

There's an allegory to explain why people accept the unacceptable. If you drop a frog into boiling water, it will immediately jump out, saving itself from a nasty demise. However, if you put the same frog in a pot of water and gradually heat the water, it will continue to paddle about until boiled.

So what's that got to do with Halifax? In the late 1960s and early 1970s, there was action and reaction around urban planning. There was Encounter and Alinsky, MAPC and MOVE; there were viewplanes and Quinpool Road. Planners wanted to double the metropolitan population to 490,000 by 1991, and some suggested turning the harbor into a giant container pier, building a highway — "Harbour Drive" — around the waterfront from Fairview Cove to a Northwest Arm bridge, and enlarging our main thoroughfares into four- and six-lane highways. Issues were important, people were involved, and politicians were attentive, at least occasionally.

Why are things so quiet now? Did the Municipal Development Plan and detailed area planning protect us from the developer's greed and the politician's folly? The impending encroachment on the Public Gardens and imminent destruction of Hart House should shake us from that complacency. Did we satisfy the urban highway lust with the construction of the Cogswell Street interchange? Did the citizens' meetings convince the planners that bread and butter issues do not imply traffic jams or that quality of life is not measured by the quantity of cars which can be whisked or bumpered through a city? Have the people and the planners ceased to worship the automobile? Did the energy crisis save the city? Not quite.

There are still signs of latent auto worship. In the late '70s, there was a move to start Harbour Drive North with a \$15-million widening of Barrington Street from Cogswell to beyond the Macdonald Bridge. The Fairview overpass was constructed at a cost of \$7 million. Nonetheless talk of urban highways and rapid growth has disappeared from public meetings and from civic elections. However, that doesn't mean the thinking behind

them is gone or that some planners aren't moving us toward them.

The latest evidence is the fact that Harbour Drive North has once again resurfaced, so to speak. In its latest form it incarnates a proposal to remove the infamous Barrington Street bubble, just north of Cornwallis Street, which forces traffic to loop around a parking lot protruding on to Barrington Street from behind an apartment complex. The proposal is not to push the parking lot back, but to re-align Barrington Street. The argument is that Barrington Street should be widened, for a little way, to speed traffic flow. That just moves, but does not remove, the bottleneck unless Barrington is widened all the way to the MacKay Bridge. Do we have any alternative to more urban highways?

The logical traffic alternative to wider streets and more traffic is improved and expanded public transit. But everyone knows that transit must be subsidized and the car therefore appears cheaper. What they ignore is the massive amount of hidden subsidies which go to the automobile. Take the Fairview overpass. The interest on the construction costs is roughly \$1 million a year. Add maintenance and depreciation and you have an example of a hefty subsidy to the automobile. It might well be cheaper to subsidize an improved transit system with more routes, more frequent service and more park-and-ride facilities on the outskirts of Halifax, Bedford and Dartmouth. By upgrading the transit system, we make it more attractive and more convenient for people to use transit. By limiting the amount of money spent on urban highways and downtown parking lots, we discourage the use of the automobile. It is not really a question of being able to afford subsidies for transit. It is a question of our ability to continue to underwrite the cost of the car.

The view that transit is expensive and cars are not is based on more than the explicit subsidy to transit versus the hidden subsidies to cars. It also reflects the provincial government's support for roads as efficient, and reaction against subsidies to transit as inefficient. It is not surprising that municipal politicians find highway con-

struction appealing, regardless of the pressure it creates to convert increasing amounts of urban land from living space to driving and parking space. The province subsidizes anywhere from 50 to 100 per cent of urban highway construction but only one-fifth of the transit deficit. We must therefore look to our provincial politicians to change their priorities and funding formulas, but the existing government would appear to make this a transitory hope indeed.

The alternative to bringing more commuters to peninsular Halifax would be to have more people living on the peninsula and to locate more jobs off the peninsula. Unfortunately, people are seen as generating costs while industries are seen (not necessarily correctly) as generating net revenues. Therefore, cities fight to get industry within their jurisdiction. That's why Halifax went through the messy business of annexing the watershed and turning part of this unequalled recreational resource into an industrial park.

It is seen to be in the interest of Halifax for us to have the industries and our neighboring municipalities to have the residential locations. Thus, municipalities compete for industries, subsidizing industrial parks and giving tax concessions to attract industries away from each other. This self-defeating competition arises from our tax system which forces municipalities to raise a third of their revenues from property taxes, the most regressive form of tax levied.

To break the conventional wisdom requires a willingness on the part of the planners to reconsider how one gets commuters downtown to work, if indeed that is where work should be concentrated. And it requires a willingness on the part of the politicians to reconsider what they are willing to fund. Is it really cheaper to re-orient our cities for more cars or to move people with transit? If we don't demand answers and alternatives, we may be like the allegorical frog. Are the Fairview overpass and the Barrington bubble signs that they are raising the temperature of our water? **C**

Michael Bradfield is an economics professor at Dalhousie University.

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Life, death and merger among the French-language dailies

The fight to replace the defunct l'Evangeline goes on. A government-backed daily is due to start up in Moncton in a few months. But it might kill a just-started daily in Caraquet. Behind it all are some old frictions between Acadians in the north and those in the south

by Catherine Clark

When the first issue of *Le Matin du Nouveau Brunswick*, a government-backed French-language newspaper, rolls off the presses this spring, it will mark the beginning of the first truly provincial French daily in New Brunswick since *l'Evangeline* folded more than two years ago.

In June *L'Acadie Nouvelle*, a privately owned newspaper in Caraquet with mostly local circulation, will mark its first anniversary more than a year after the province's senior Acadian minister, Jean-Maurice Simard, predicted it was doomed. Now the newspaper's management is watching *Le Matin du Nouveau Brunswick*'s spring startup date with trepidation. Although the paper has reached a circulation of 7,000 the province's two major Acadian groups, the National Society of Acadians and the New Brunswick Society of Acadians, agree that two French dailies cannot survive in New Brunswick. The Acadian community itself is split over the issue.

When the government set up a \$4-million trust fund in September, 1983, to start a French daily in Moncton, there were cries of government intervention. A month later Chief Justice Guy Richard, one of the five trust members, resigned after deciding the issue was becoming too political. Then the New Brunswick Society of Acadians and the National Society of Acadians withdrew from the project that November, saying that decisions were being made without their knowledge. Aurele Theriault, executive director of the New Brunswick Society of Acadians, said his society was particularly concerned that the candidates applying for the job as publisher of *Le Matin du Nouveau Brunswick* had close political ties to the government.

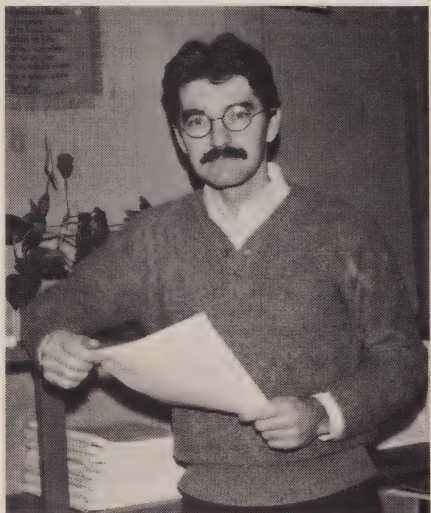
The struggle for the long-awaited successor to *l'Evangeline* has been a rocky one dotted with innuendo and bitterness between the French communities of the north and south. It's a political issue that strikes at the very heart of the Acadian community. When the 95-year-old *l'Evangeline* folded in September, 1982, it left 90 people out of work, 19,000 subscribers without a paper and New Brunswick Acadians without a forum for Acadian rights. The voice of their com-

munity had died.

It was an ugly closure that still angers Acadian leaders. The newspaper management blamed the closure on union employees and declining advertising; the union accused the management of using it as a scapegoat. But the fact of life was that the paper was \$800,000 in debt.

The newspaper's closing quickly became a political issue. A government report concluded a new French language newspaper should be started instead of reviving *l'Evangeline*. Premier Richard Hatfield took the message on the campaign trail during the 1983 provincial election. His government promised a French daily to the Acadian people.

But there are harsh realities to the French newspaper business in New Brunswick. Distribution costs are enormous because the province's 225,000 Acadians are spread out in the north and



Richard: north shore newspaper not feasible south. Many experts say that because of the tremendous transportation costs no French daily can survive without government funding.

Many Acadians are so used to reading English dailies they won't support a French newspaper. *l'Evangeline*'s subscribers represented less than one-tenth of the New Brunswick Acadian population.

But there is another factor. Traditionally, a divisiveness has always existed between the French in the northern part

of the province and those in the south. There is a strong sense of regionalism among the New Brunswick Acadian population. When Althie Michaud announced plans for a 32-page tabloid to be written in Caraquet, on the so-called Acadian peninsula, and printed in Newcastle, thousands of dollars were contributed in a nationalistic heat. By deciding to start a French daily with or without the help of the provincial government, Michaud and his backers were in a sense thumbing their noses at the old guard Acadian leadership in the south.

"The peninsula has never fully digested that the university was built in Moncton," says Bernard Richard, secretary general of the National Society of Acadians, a federation of the three Maritime Acadian associations. "They still feel it should have been set up in an Acadian community on the north shore where there's a more homogeneous group of Acadians. There's also new-found wealth in the fisheries on the north shore. They now have the money to invest in such a venture. You have to admire their tenacity, he adds. "I respect what they're feeling. On the other hand it's not very smart in the financial sense to start a newspaper on the north shore. It's not feasible."

There have been rumors of a merger between *L'Acadie Nouvelle* and *Le Matin du Nouveau Brunswick*. Richard says that will eventually have to take place or *L'Acadie Nouvelle* will fold. He says that merger will represent not a victory for unity but a surrender by the Acadians on the north shore to the old guard leadership.

"It will look like it (*L'Acadie Nouvelle*) sold out," he said. "It will be like a shotgun wedding. The paper will be forced into it for economic reasons."

But Maurice Mourant, publisher of *L'Acadie Nouvelle*, is more optimistic. He says that although he has talked to Charles D'Amour, publisher of *Le Matin du Nouveau Brunswick*, about the possibility of a merger, the paper is not in dire financial straits. The paper will only be threatened, he says, when *Le Matin du Nouveau Brunswick* starts publishing.

"It's sad if we have to merge with the other group. *Le Matin du Nouveau Brunswick* is only a project; we are alive."

In a proposal to the government, Mourant said the company offered to move to another part of the province to act as a provincial daily if the government would help with the distribution costs. But the company's 300 shareholders don't want the paper to move. If a merger becomes necessary they have made it clear that they want the paper to keep its headquarters in Caraquet.

Yet no one associated with *L'Acadie Nouvelle* disputes that its fate lies in the hands of the Moncton-based project. And now, with the publication of *Le Matin du Nouveau Brunswick* only months away, the provincial government has to consider if it wants the death of a privately owned newspaper on its conscience. ☒

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PROFIT FROM OUR EXPERIENCE

"Gobbling up the mathematics" **— Tony Lai conquers school**

At 12, Tony Lai is Canada's youngest university student. The advantage to being a child prodigy, he says, is in skipping seven years of school

When Tony Lai was 10 years old, he was in Grade 6 at Glen Stewart School in Southport, P.E.I., just south of Charlottetown. Now he's at the head of his second-year class at the University of Prince Edward Island. At age 12, he is the youngest university student in Canada.

"He was a very ordinary kid up to the age of four," says his father, Chai Lai, a physics professor at UPEI. Then he took off, showing a special talent in mathematics. By age five, Tony was adding and subtracting large numbers and delving into algebra. Lai and his wife, Ching, realized they had a very gifted child. "He didn't have to be taught," says Lai, "He just picked it up quickly on his own." He could program a computer when he was seven.

Maitland MacIsaac, principal of Glen Stewart School, grins as he recalls Tony's enrolment in Grade 1. "His parents came to the school and said, 'We'd like you to keep a special eye on Tony because he's very smart.' " MacIsaac didn't pay much heed at the time because many parents think their children are budding geniuses.

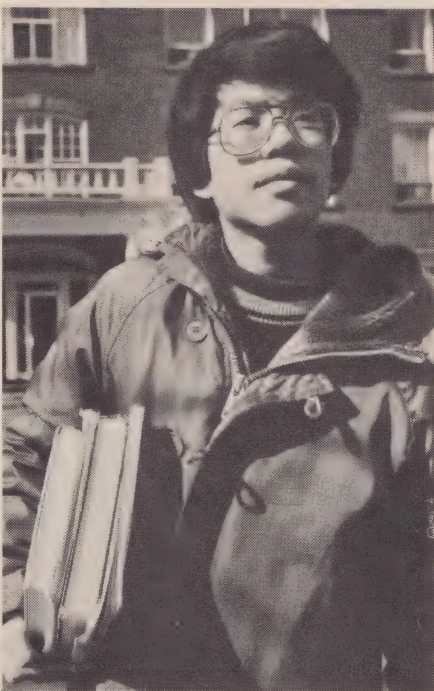
But by the time Tony reached Grade 3 it was obvious that he was different. "We've got to do something about Tony," teacher Marilyn MacDonald remembers telling MacIsaac, "He's just gobbling up the mathematics." By the end of the year — at the age of eight — Tony had polished off Grade 10 math.

His teachers recognized that he wouldn't fit into the ordinary system and gave him a free rein so he could work at his own level. But it was still in a normal setting with other children his own age. A computer was installed and Tony brought in his own resource material. He experimented in new disciplines, writing poetry and even a novel.

Naturally, he was held in awe by students and teachers. "Let's face it, when you're dealing with a youngster like that," says MacIsaac, "you're dealing with somebody with the potential to intimidate. But he never did that." Tony didn't flaunt his superior intellect and teachers were glad to have him in their classes.

In Grade 5 Tony came second in a provincial mathematics exam for students entering university. In the summer he took a calculus course at UPEI — leading the class with a mark of 97 per cent.

"In Grade 6 he really took off," says MacIsaac, "and we knew we had a really exceptional young chap on our hands." He chuckles as he recalls teacher Jim Beardsley asking Tony about his latest project. "Tony would have a calculus book here, and a computer book there, and he'd launch into a long, involved explanation. Beardsley would nod his head knowingly and say 'Uh ... that's ... uh ... very interesting Tony ...' and sort



Tony Lai: more comfortable in university of glide away."

MacIsaac says his school allowed Tony to grow academically. "The biggest thing we gave him here was the opportunity to fit in and not be different. Out there he is socially very different. Here he wasn't, he was with his peers."

Clearly by the time he finished Grade 6 something had to be done. Would he go to Grade 7 or Grade 9 or to university? While others wrestled with the problem of "what to do about Tony," one man had no doubts. "I thought all along the solution was university," says Owen Sharkey, a psychology professor at UPEI. "It seems logical to me that if you're ready for university, you should go to university." He was instrumental in persuading the university administration to waive

normal entrance requirements.

Ultimately, Tony made the decision. "After I took the summer course, it was like an ego boost," he says. "I did very well in the first year calculus course." He thought high school students might have been a little rough on him. "I feel more comfortable here at the university."

Other UPEI students admire Tony's abilities but they don't pay much attention to him, and he likes that. "I just wish I had his brains and his marks," says one 18-year-old.

The leap from Grade 6 to university was perhaps less wrenching for Tony because he's a loner. He doesn't see former classmates or mix with the university students. When he isn't in class, he's with his family. Lai says there are few other choices right now but he isn't worried about Tony's lack of friends. "Some children need friends all the time, but he's not that type of person," says Lai. "He's very self-sufficient. Tony's not lonely, he's really quite content. Not everyone can be like that."

The Lais, a close family, give Tony a lot of encouragement and support. His older brother Jim, 17, is his best friend. Jim is quite different from Tony — he is gregarious and plays guitar in a rock band. But they spend a lot of time together and there's lots of teasing, laughing and friendly rivalry.

Most people who meet Tony like him. He's shy at first and speaks haltingly. But he has an engaging personality and a keen sense of humor. "There are advantages to being a child prodigy," he says with an impish grin. "You get to skip seven years of school."

His interests are obviously vastly different from those of most 12-year-olds. He grimaces when asked if he likes sports. He would rather be in front of a computer terminal. He likes things that are logical. "I'm not obsessed with the cut and dried procedures of science," he insists. "Science is O.K. But the nice thing about it is it's logical. If you use a logical approach, it can be understood rather easily."

"If you want to say that 12-year-olds do not normally do what he does, Tony isn't normal," says Sharkey. "But if you're thinking of a human being in good shape emotionally and intellectually, working well, with a lot of humor and insight and understanding — I think he is a superior human being."

His professors say students like Tony come along once in a lifetime. "You meet students occasionally who give you the feeling that they are better than you," says Karnai Jammu, a physics professor. "I think that's the reward of being a teacher."

Tony will likely specialize in physics because, as he puts it, "I seem to be rather good at it." As for the future, he could become a top-flight physicist or computer scientist. But there's no rush. After all, he's only 12 years old.

“Teachers should have learned me more” — a dropout problem

The school dropout rate in Newfoundland — the country's highest — is being called a crisis. Can anything be done to keep kids in school?

by Victoria O'Dea

It shouldn't have happened. Teachers should have learned me more.” Dana was a 15-year-old in Grade 8 when she decided to leave school. She was pregnant at the time. Now she's the single mother of two on social assistance — with doubts about the choice she made as a teenager. These doubts are shared by nearly half the students in Newfoundland who were in school at the same time as Dana. They didn't graduate from high school either.

“It's a crisis situation,” says Ray Goulding, the president of the Newfoundland Teachers Association. The teachers' union was one of a number of educational groups who researched a report on the province's alarming dropout rate. It's called Leaving Early — A Study of Student Retention in Newfoundland and Labrador. It includes surveys of nearly 10,000 people born in 1963. The report found that 46 per cent of them didn't finish high school.

The dropout rate in the rural parts of the province is higher than that of urban

centres. The total represents the highest dropout figure in the country, with Nova Scotia running a close second at 43 per cent. The question is why? Pregnancy is the main reason for young girls like Dana. But more boys drop out than girls. “There's no simple answer,” explains Goulding, “but what all the statistics seem to be saying is that academic failure, causing students to feel too old for the grades they are doing, coupled with the desire to seek gainful employment, highlight the reasons for students leaving school without graduating.”

John is a case in point. He was 18 when he failed Grade 10 because of his poor English marks. He had already repeated Grades 8 and 9. John says he really wanted to complete his education but “after all that failure I just couldn't stay.” During his school days John worked part-time. He's since been laid off and hasn't found another job.

Newfoundland's unemployment rate for youths between the ages of 15 and 24 is already more than 40 per cent. But the figure

nearly doubles when the young person hasn't finished his or her education. In fact, 70 per cent of the students participating in the study who didn't graduate from Grade 11 haven't found work. Goulding calls this result “nothing short of tragic.”

Ben, another dropout, says he now realizes the truth in one of the report's findings — that the chances of getting employment are a lot better the longer you stay in school. He left school when he was legally allowed to, at age 15. “It's a job to say why but I guess it's just because I wanted to be out in the working world making a living,” Ben explains. But now he isn't working at all, and he knows why. “Employers first ask you if you have any degrees or any training or trades courses, and when you say no the impression they give you is that you're turned down because you don't have an education.” He admits not getting an education was a mistake.

To make sure that more young Newfoundlanders don't make the same mistake, the dropout study has made a number of recommendations. These include better counselling methods in schools, especially for potential early leavers, improvements in teacher training to spot students who could drop out, a study on how pregnancy affects female students, and a government-sponsored public awareness program to combat the problem.

Goulding doesn't believe the problem is a hopeless one. He thinks the recommendations will go a long way in turning the dropout situation around. But he says the number of students leaving Newfoundland schools early will stay high until “the crisis becomes a political and social priority.”

Education Minister Lynn Verge agrees. She plans to hike the legal age to leave school to 16 from 15 (although the dropout study shows the average age of those leaving school is already 16).

Verge is also creating a new position in her department for a school attendance consultant. That person will examine the main causes for leaving school early and report back to the group that can do the most to rectify the situation — the teachers.

Just how culpable are teachers for the high dropout rate in the province? The study doesn't cast blame in any one direction. Goulding's happy about that but says teachers must take part of the blame the same way a doctor should if he can't cure a patient's illness. But he doubts that it's entirely the fault of teachers that students drop out.

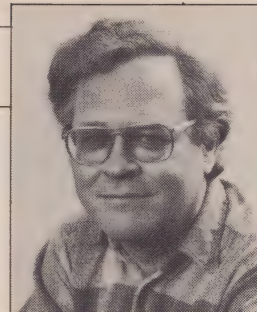
While many of the dropouts in the study cited teacher attitude as a factor in their leaving, Goulding says “we are daily pointing out the advantages of staying in school. If there's fault to be laid it's the fault of everybody. It's the fault of teachers, school boards, governments and society. The many factors that make up the dropout problem have to be identified and you take them on one by one and solve them in that fashion.”



ROB JOHNSTON

Goulding: no simple solution to dropout crisis

The Great Brain Robbery forgot something



*And the way we were was
... well, dumb*

Three profs blundered by ignoring sex, and so did all the other profs who attacked their book. The three were David Bercuson, Robert Bothwell, and J.L. Granatstein, and their book was *The Great Brain Robbery*. Academics and students from coast to coast reviled it as unscholarly, unbalanced, unfair, elitist and just plain stupid, but I thought it was a pretty good read myself. I like books that get insults flying round the country, and cause roars of outrage behind the ivied walls and leaded windows of venerable institutions. Still, the profs did forget sex.

The Great Brain Robbery fiercely argues that Canadian universities do not educate students as well as they did 30-odd years ago. This is impossible, and I'll tell you why. In the 1950s, your average male physics student could not master quantum mechanics because the torso of the campus Sweater Queen totally filled his mind. Your average female French student could not conquer irregular verbs because she was forever pondering how far she should allow her favorite fullback to go during "heavy petting." Sex, in short, obsessed college students. It imprisoned their minds. Universities in those days spawned not well-educated young men and women but sex-crazed zombies and early marriages.

"The trouble with college girls is that too many of them are too anxious to get married," Thomas Mendenhall, president of a U.S. women's college, said in 1959. The *Dalhousie Gazette*, a paper for students, commented that although "the colder Maritime weather may in some way affect the female attitude, the 'craze for connubiality' which causes 60 per cent of American girls to drop out of college before graduation is far from unknown up here."

One *Gazette* editorial complained, "The common feminine apparel around the campus seems to be intended to make Dal the 'Down-and-Outs Home for Lumber-Jacks!'" It was foolish to be dowdy because "the average girl's primary aim in life is to find a male to support her," and the hunt would go better if she'd return to such snares as "high-heeled shoes, broad belts, nylons, fitted skirts, plain cotton blouses, tastefully chosen sweaters..."

Student newspapers are good barometers of student attitudes and the *Gazette* — which predates even the graduation of

the first woman at Dalhousie, a full century ago — is no exception. She was Margaret Florence Newcombe, and in 1959-60, 75 years after she got her BA, the paper could not yet bring itself to call female students women. They were "our girls," "Dal gals," "campus lovelies" or, in the case of cheerleaders, "the dears with the cheers." Residents of Shirreff Hall were sometimes "a bevy of beauties." Men were "men" except in coy columns by women about dating customs. Then they were "campus dolls," "wolves" and "handsome hunks."

Meanwhile, in 1959-60, Cuba fell to Castro; U.S. Vice-President Nixon clashed with Soviet Premier Khrushchev in the famous "kitchen debate" in Moscow; a U.S. federal court lifted the ban on *Lady Chatterly's Lover*; Soviet missiles brought down a U.S. supersonic spy plane, and the pilot was captured; and Nixon and Kennedy engaged in their historic duel on national television. The *Gazette*, however, was tackling the more crucial issues of the times: Sadie Hawkins Week, when the lovelies had the rare right to ask the hunks out on dates; a panty raid by engineering students on the women's residence; the unwelcome invasion of university dances by high-school ruffians "with duck cuts and pimply faces"; and the evils of the Cha-cha-cha as dance music. "Let's face it — the aim of a dance is for guys and girls to have fun!" one editorial thundered. "That means allowing the majority to waltz, or jive, or fox-trot, or perform any number of simple dance floor gyrations."

It's foolish to expect a student paper to dwell on international rather than campus affairs, but the *Gazette's* news judgment was so skewed toward student sex that even visits to Dalhousie by John Diefenbaker, Lester Pearson and Louis Armstrong got inferior play than a three-part series entitled "The Art of Dating, 20th Century Style." It offered "practical dating advice to all males backward with the opposite sex," and its author was "a well-known campus king" who preferred to remain anonymous. I like to think this master of seduction is now a church elder, a partner perhaps in the venerable Halifax law firm, Stewart, MacKeen & Covert. Not knowing his identity is maddening, and I'd appreciate hearing from any stool pigeon who'd like to blow the campus king's 25-year-old cover.

"A car is a real asset, but alcoves, front-door steps, backsteps, etc., are all fair substitutes," he advised. "Where possible, make use of alcohol, but only in

moderate quantities. What you do in this way as the weeks go by is up to you and the girl, and quite beyond the scope of this discussion." The strategy varied with the target's age: "If the girl is young and uninitiated and you're in a small town like Halifax, the success of the evening depends more upon your personality. After a movie, there is little else besides a small collection of 'quick and dirty' restaurants equipped with noisy juke boxes and booths. You cannot rely on atmosphere or drink, unless you're a member of a fraternity."

An older girl, however, "will not be as susceptible to flattery or drink. The former will have to be rendered more subtle, and the latter — just more. In a big city, the element of surprise can still be employed, but in Halifax your conversation will be more important. In any event, the girl who has been around will be tougher to impress, but on the other hand, easier to talk to...and more cooperative."

If pondering the possibilities that lay in such tactics were not enough to distract men students from the riddles of Shakespeare, organic chemistry, and the British North America Act, there were always the Campus Queens to drool over. Since each faculty nominated its own lovely, a dozen or so contestants stood for the campus-wide election. The Campus Queen ceremonies now seem as remote as the mating rites of ancient Polynesians, and even in 1959 not everyone liked them. The *Gazette* said:

"The public parade of aspiring young socialites, led about like so many prize heifers at a country fair, is spectacle enough to make the average butcher sick to his proverbial stomach... We realize, however, that it would be pathetically naive of us to suggest completely abandoning the 'Queen' tradition... But let's wise up and stop being such miserable hypocrites. The girls are being chosen as ornaments, so we might as well be honest with ourselves and make the selection on the basis of appearance alone. There would still be the petty jealousies, but at least we could dismiss them as mere manifestations of female vanity."

At a smaller Maritime university in the mid-fifties, men students wasted at least a week's study time while simply chortling over a plot to enter a man of dubious virility in the Campus Queen contest. He finished third out of five. Looking back, I find it inconceivable that the authors of *The Great Brain Robbery*, or anyone else, could truly believe that yesterday's undergraduates were smarter than today's. ☒

A gruff medical pioneer

He's New Brunswick's Dr. Everett Chalmers: doctor, raconteur, sportsman, officer of the Order of Canada, politician, eccentric and tireless fighter for better medical care

by Catherine Clark

He's known as the "good doctor" but sometimes he's downright wicked. Today he's telling a string of bawdy tales with the zeal of a man half his age. A lot of them are unprintable.

But almost all of the stories are legendary.

There's the infamous tale of the doctor as a politician. One day, after a speech in the New Brunswick legislature he suddenly stopped, looked up and said: "There, and you all thought I couldn't talk for 10 minutes without swearing." Many doubt the feat has ever been equalled. He once insulted a Montreal reporter who told him that she couldn't tolerate his swearing. "I don't give a god-damn," he said, and hung up the phone. She never did get the story.

But one of his best stories is about the first of 5,000 babies he delivered. A gifted storyteller, he sets the scene just right: the big kitchen, the hot water boiling on the wood stove, the lack of antibiotics and the frustration of a new doctor faced with the task of how to get the baby out. You can see a younger version of this man, eager and enthusiastic, black bag in hand, faced with a complication he'd only read about in medical books.

The mother of the woman in labor was there and "finally the old girl said to me, 'Let's quill her doc.' I didn't know what the hell she was doing. She went out into the barnyard and came back with a big tail feather from a hen. She clipped the feathers and put it under the mother's nose. There was this godawful sneeze and the baby, bang, dropped into my arms."

He's Dr. Everett Chalmers: doctor, raconteur, ex-hockey, football, baseball and rugby player, officer of the Order of Canada, citizen, politician and eccentric.

Renowned for his skill as a surgeon, Chalmers, who ushered in the age of antibiotics in Fredericton, is as much a part of the city as the elm trees.

The term eccentric makes this 79-year-old legend smile. But only slightly. Chalmers' rough, gruff exterior and colorful adjectives are his trademark. He's loved by some, loathed by others.

Dalton Camp once wrote that Chalmers had a talent to make four-letter words into adjectives, adverbs, nouns and working words. "He swore before his wife and children, nurses, patients and colleagues who listened enthralled at this striking exhibitor of the electrifying versatility of the lesser words in the English language."

There is a certain discrepancy between the speech and the man. Impeccably dressed, Chalmers bemoans the sorry dress of young interns. In his day, even in an emergency, doctors put a tie on over their pajamas before racing out into the night.

"The young doctors today look like they should be working in a cotton factory," he says. "We'd never be caught like that."

Camp wrote that in a white suit, Chalmers looked like Clark Gable about to meet Carol Lombard at the Ritz.

But beneath the contrast and the legend is the heart of an old-fashioned country doctor. He sniffs at medical technology as no substitute for good doctoring. "These doctors think that if all the machines are running that the patient is perfectly all right," he says. "That's just not true." In the late 1960s Chalmers burned more than \$1 million worth of unpaid bills that represented years of work. Many country doctors did the same thing.

When he entered politics first as a city councillor in 1945 and then as an MLA from 1960 to 1978, he couldn't stand the indecision. Chalmers says doctors like to act, not plan.

He's had three heart attacks and says matter-of-factly that he could drop dead any time. That too makes him smile.

He belongs to the International Order of Old Bastards. Their motto: "Never let anyone call you a son of a bitch."

When he was 75 he said he had more courage with a scalpel in his hand than he did in his 20s. He retired from medicine, grudgingly, in 1978.

He's jostled with premiers, may-

ors, politicians, fellow doctors and just about anybody else who stands in his way. If there's one rule he confesses to live by it is this: "Don't empty your gun the first time; keep something in it for the next time."

He can't understand why he doesn't get along with the Christian Temperance Association. Then in the next breath he says he's an "arrogant, efficient bastard" who can't get along with anybody and hates to lose. He seldom does.

But as chairman of the Alcoholism and Drug Dependency Commission, Chalmers has taken on a battle that even he finds intimidating. About his job he says: "I've been hooting and hollering for about five years now. This battle is the toughest one I ever had. I've made progress but I'm not going to win it."

In 1974 he tabled a report on alcohol and related problems. He then told Premier Richard Hatfield he wanted to be the head of the alcohol commission. Hatfield agreed.

His crusade against alcoholism started after someone very close to him died of the disease. He is still outraged at the medical community for turning a blind eye to alcoholism. He routinely lashes out at doctors, medical schools and the Fredericton hospital that bears his name for treating alcohol-related diseases and



Chalmers: "Don't empty your gun the first time"

ignoring the primary disease of alcoholism.

"Doctors' attitude towards alcoholism is that it has to do with poor will-power," he says. "They think alcoholics are brainless idiots with no control over their minds."

Chalmers has lobbied the Dalhousie medical school to have alcoholism included in the curriculum. He's had no success. But he is unrelenting in his attack on the medical community and what he calls its head-in-the-sand attitude.

"They (the doctors) scream about the terrible accidents they see in the emergency room while 40 per cent of all patients are admitted for alcohol- or drug-related problems," he said. "They say it's 2.5 per cent. But they don't take alcohol or drug histories. If you don't examine the woman's breasts you can't feel the lumps."

Chalmers was born in Bathurst, N.B., in 1905 to a family of average means. Shortly after he was born the family moved up the line to Devon where his father was a railway station agent. His mother wanted her son to be an electrical engineer. But Chalmers had something else in mind. At Youghall Beach, near Bathurst, where Chalmers worked at a summer resort, he was smitten with the stories of the big city doctors from the Montreal General Hospital. The vacationing doctors would sit on Chalmers' uncle's veranda and tell wonderful tales about patients and medical procedures that were as foreign to the young Chalmers as spaceships.

One doctor Chalmers got particularly close to was a well-known medical internist, Dr. Grant Campbell. Chalmers was mesmerized by Campbell. At the end of the summer Campbell gave him a herringbone grey suit that he was ready to discard. "I thought I had the world by the ass," he remembers. When Chalmers finally made it to the McGill University medical school in Montreal he wore that suit.

After he received his bachelor of arts from the University of New Brunswick in 1928, Chalmers had his mind set on becoming a doctor. But there was not enough money in the family to pay the \$850 in tuition and living expenses. Then his sister quit school and went to work. The family sent Chalmers to Montreal.

During his three years at McGill, he went home for Christmas and stayed until February so he could play hockey for the Fredericton Capitals during the play-off games. He was paid \$25 a game.

While he trained as a surgeon at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, after graduating from McGill in 1933, Chalmers married Eloise Roberts, a nurse from Saint John.

On April 19, 1936, the day he and his wife had their first child, Sharon, Chalmers opened his first office in Fredericton. The town's 30-bed cottage hospital reminded the young Chalmers of a "butcher shop." "Thirty-five per cent of the wounds were infected and all the surgical



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PROFILE

wards stunk," he says. "There were no antibiotics. You could grow bugs on the blankets and the nurses' and doctors' gowns."

The intravenous fluids that the hospital staff made from sugar and water and strained through filter paper were "as cheap as you could get." One third of all patients on intravenous had 105 degree temperatures and chills.

"I finally bought intravenous fluids for myself for three years from the companies that made it with sterile techniques," Chalmers said. A local machinist made all his surgical instruments.

Chalmers began his career-long affair with controversy as a young doctor out

of medical school. He rubbed the old, established doctors the wrong way when he set about testing blankets and surgical clothing for bacteria and cut open intravenous tubing to find them "filled with junk inside."

"I cut up the tubing into two-inch pieces," he said. "They told me I was destroying hospital property and would cost them money." In 1939 he read about, and ordered, a little-known drug called sulfa. Although other doctors thought he was wasting his time, Chalmers gave the drug to a 65-year-old man suffering from lobar pneumonia. At the time, the disease was fatal for a man that age. But 36 hours later,

the man's temperature had dropped.

That same year Chalmers established the Fredericton Medical Clinic with partners Dr. Ross Wright and Dr. J. B. Turner. A fortune-teller in Montreal told Chalmers to follow through with the project after the doctors had reached a financial snag. Chalmers believed her. The clinic now has 50 doctors.

As director of the polio clinic at the Victoria Health Centre from 1941 to 1952 he was instrumental in the establishment of the Polio Hospital in 1955. Then, in the 1960s, he started to lobby for a new city hospital. In 1972 the Dr. Everett Chalmers Hospital opened its doors.

Although his success and gruff nature were intimidating to many, underneath is a man who loved medicine and cared about his patients. He maintains to this day that he never failed to tell a dying patient the truth, no matter how difficult. He said he once had 10 patients in the hospital dying at once.


"They want to see you every day. As soon as I walked on the ward the bells would ring and they would ask the nurse if they heard Dr. Chalmers' voice. They sensed it as soon as you reached their floor. Death is part of being a doctor."

Although Chalmers says his two marriages suffered because of his love for medicine, he is proud and protective of his six children. Chalmers' first wife died in 1954. Two years later he married Winnifred Hickey who brought two children into the marriage. George and Susan Chalmers were born in 1957 and 1960.

None of his children are doctors. He once coaxed his young son Peter, who's now 47, to watch the birth of a baby. Chalmers wanted his son to be a surgeon. "I said, 'Pete, come up and watch me bring a live baby into the goddamn world,'" Chalmers remembers. "After it he said, 'Dad, I don't know how you can stand it, I almost got sick.'" Peter's a jet pilot.

If there is a soft side to this man, it's with his family. He's proud of his children and speaks of them with humor and reverence. His oldest daughter is Sharon Pollack, a playwright who recently completed a play called *Ev* about a country doctor. Chalmers has never read it, but writes off the similarities between the character and himself as unimportant.

"Medicine had a higher priority than my family. I never had bad family trouble. I think my wives suffered more than anyone," he says. In the waning light of the late afternoon, the good doctor is as full of stories as he was hours earlier.

His tales have mellowed somewhat as the warm sunlight streams into his large office at the old Victoria Health Centre. Out back is the building that used to house the cottage hospital where Chalmers marvelled at the filth. The rollicking bawdiness has given way to a different side of this man who now talks about death and his family. Those who know him may have caught a glimpse of this side of the doctor. But those who love him will likely chuckle. He pulled it off again. 

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People versus ecology: the conundrum over national parks

COVER STORY

It's Parks Canada's centennial year. The nation's attitude towards one of the world's great parks systems will be sampled and parks policy reviewed. Will it be a new start, or will Parks Canada's second century be battle-blazoned too?

*by Denise Brun
and Ralph Surette*

A group in southern New Brunswick, the Fundy Weir Fishermen's Association, recently asked that plans for a national marine park in the West Isles area be dropped "so we can sleep nights and continue to build and invest in our industry." It protested that Parks Canada's function "is to protect the ecosystem, not the people" and worried that "they will eventually drive us out."

The image of Parks Canada as a sinister force intent on driving people out emerges whenever a new park is established or, in the case of the West Isles, merely contemplated. Yet Parks Canada is the federal agency mandated to preserve the nation's natural and historic heritage. To contemplate its works is to visualize the grand attributes of the national parks — the classic vistas of the Cape Breton Highlands, the Nordic sweep of the mountains and fiords of Gros Morne, the beaches of Cavendish, the lagoons and marshes of Kouchibouguac — as well as restored fortresses and other historic sites.

How can the needs of people and ecology be squared? That is the central dilemma in the effort to preserve as much as possible of Canada's great wilderness, and it's being placed in sharp perspective this year — Parks Canada's centennial. In 1885 an area of 10 square miles was set aside to become the first national park, Banff, after railway workers discovered hot springs there. The anniversary will be marked by hikes, re-enacted historic canoe trips, marathons, competitions and other events. More importantly, however, there will be a reassessment of parks policy — a look at Parks Canada's plans to create still more parks, and how the existing ones should be managed. Parks Canada is staging public meetings and taking opinion polls to get an idea of how the public feels about setting aside yet more park land and how it should be done.

At the core of the review is the relationship of the public with these vast parks — both the public in general and the people right on the spot who, like the West Isles fishermen, fear they will be driven out. Although Parks Canada plans to look at its future, the centennial could rub salt in some still-festered sores. Kouchibouguac has been open for some time now, but the official opening for the park on New Brunswick's Gulf shore is

Pleasant times on the sand dunes at Kouchibouguac — now that the violence has ceased at Canada's most controversial national park

PARKS CANADA

COVER STORY



Above: Gros Morne: policy change allowed villages to stay
Right: Cape Breton Highlands: part of a great Canadian heritage

set for July. The nettlesome name of Jackie Vautour — the very symbol of resistance to national parks — is still around. Vautour, living in a Richibucto motel, with his family still living in makeshift quarters on the site of his former home in the park, hopes an impending court decision will give him back his land, cancel the July opening and, in effect, negate the legal basis on which parks have been created in Canada.

In addition to getting feedback, Parks Canada hopes to convince an often skeptical public that its plans really are well founded. The agency wants to "increase public awareness" of its role in conservation. "There is not a great constituency in this country that understands the reasons for management of some areas as wilderness — the philosophical, psychological and scientific advantages of letting natural processes go on," says



Davidson: a need for wilderness

Al Davidson, assistant deputy minister in the environment department, which administers Parks Canada.

Canada has 31 national parks, seven of them in the Atlantic Provinces: Gros Morne and Terra Nova in Newfoundland, Kouchibouguac and Fundy in New Brunswick, Cape Breton Highlands and Kejimikujik in Nova Scotia and Cavendish in Prince Edward Island. Parks Canada also restores and administers national historic parks, mostly original settlements, forts and fortresses. There are 70 of those in Canada, of which the Atlantic Provinces have a disproportionate 23. The country also has 1,000 national historic sites marked by plaques or monuments.

Parks Canada's long-range plans call for an additional 24 national parks — boosting the eventual total to 55. Ten would be in the North. It would be the most extensive national parks system in the world. The plans call for a park in each natural area that has been identified by the scientific community as "outstanding" in each province and territory.

The public input process is scheduled to culminate in Banff this fall with a conference in which Parks Canada will outline what it wants to do in its second century. But early results reveal the public is divided over plans for new parks and the use of present ones. Some people want them to remain virgin ground. Others want them opened to more tourists and to commercial fishing and hunting. A Community Planning Association of Canada poll in Nova Scotia showed strong resistance to commercial activity in parks. Nova Scotians who responded to the poll also want Parks Canada protection given to some outstanding regions that are too small to qualify as national parks.

Financial restraints are another uncertainty faced by Parks Canada, which recently had its \$100 million capital works budget slashed by 20 per cent. A quarter



of that budget was slated for the Atlantic Provinces. Historical projects like the Halifax Citadel restoration have been hit hardest. But there have been cuts in the operating budgets of national parks, and hefty increases in camping fees are foreseen. Some Parks Canada insiders fear that national parks are about to receive a lower priority from government. However, Joe O'Brien, the agency's assistant regional director for the Atlantic Provinces, points out that plans for new works extend as far as 20 years ahead and are not too sensitive to budgetary ups and downs. Apart from the West Isles marine park, there is a long-term possibility of two new parks in Labrador. Discussions over territorial and native rights are being held with the Newfoundland government. The specific parks boundaries have not been spelled out.

The park creation process is extremely political. The stumbling blocks are issues like federal and provincial jurisdiction in resource management and unsettled land claims. But by far the largest



obstacle is people. "Almost every time that we propose a new national park, we are talking about an area that is either partially settled or developed now," says Davidson. Yet, in his opinion, the importance of national parks grows each year along with population and the intensification of land management.

The review of the nation's attitude towards its parks takes place in the aftermath of an intense round of park-building in the 1960s and '70s. In that period a new environmental awareness demanded that more territory be set aside in the name of ecology. The money was available and politicians saw park-building as a way to create jobs in areas with high unemployment. But inevitably the result was confrontation. Local residents did not want to move. Parks Canada was accused of inadequate planning and of acting high-handedly at the behest of cabinet ministers. Sometimes the agency had to back down — as in the case of a marine park planned for a section of Nova Scotia's Eastern Shore, an area between

Halifax and Cape Breton. A public furor, including demonstrations before the legislature, greeted the proposal. Similarly, talk of a national park for the eastern tip of P.E.I. died after public protests. Residents also objected, although in vain, to the creation of Gros Morne. There was a tremendous uproar over the creation of Forillon Park in the Gaspé, which in addition became a bone of contention between Quebec nationalists and Ottawa.

But those protests were mild compared to the war over the creation of a national park in the serene environs of Kouchibouguac Bay, some 50 miles north of Moncton. Riots, tear gas attacks by police, shots fired at campers, a burnt police car and various small acts of vandalism marked the park's birth.

From geographic and economic standpoints, it seemed that Kouchibouguac was an ideal spot for a park. The area's natural features — forests, peat bogs, salt marshes and barrier islands — made it a prime example of the Acadian region. Kent County was one of New

PHOTOS BY PARKS CANADA



The public at Kejimikujik: divided over the use of national parks

COVER STORY

Brunswick's poorest areas and the park was seen as a welcome boost for tourism, with all its economic benefits.

The bureaucrats, however, did not take into account the 1,200 people living in 228 households spread out in eight small villages in the proposed park's boundaries. The people retaliated against expropriation by organizing themselves for battle. On July 12, 1971, John L. Vautour was elected president of the citizens' committee. It was the start of a long, noisy battle which has become a classic case of the little man fighting bureaucracy.

The 1981 LaForest-Roy inquiry on

Kouchibouguac pointed out that the expropriates had every right to be unhappy with their lot. According to the federal-provincial inquiry, the then-existing New Brunswick Expropriation Act "was clearly inadequate in its protection of the right of the individual when dealing with a single expropriation."

Some residents accepted compensation and relocated. Jackie Vautour, however, turned down a \$20,000 offer in 1970 for the 114 acres where he farmed, fished, hunted and logged. He later refused higher offers. He was evicted in 1976, his home was bulldozed to the ground and his belongings were con-

fiscated. He responded by taking the province of New Brunswick to court on a charge of trespassing. In 1980, he filed a second action, challenging the validity of the expropriation and contending that it had been illegal. The applications were struck down by the Court of Queen's Bench. Vautour appealed. A decision by the Appeal Division of the New



JACK CLISAND

Jackie Vautour: still fighting

Brunswick Supreme Court is pending.

Meanwhile, the New Brunswick government pays his \$1,500-a-month motel bill, pending the court's decision. Vautour says he deplores the situation, especially since his family is living in sub-standard housing at the site of his former home. But he's still convinced he made the right moves. "If the cause was good then it still has to be good today," he says. "Parks Canada's policies are more concerned with conservation than they are with humans."

Folk hero or malcontent, Vautour has been instrumental in shaping future parks policy by taking a stand against bureaucracy that indeed failed to take people into account.

Parks Canada vowed there would never again be a Kouchibouguac-style fiasco. Residents of Gros Morne Park were the first to benefit from Vautour's battle: communities were left in the park. Now, says Joe O'Brien, "dislocation is not an acceptable alternative to us." He says new policies will ensure "minimum disruption" in the lives of people within the boundaries of new parks. "If people have always hunted, snared rabbits, or whatever, then it is not our intention to prevent them from doing this in the future."

That's for the land. But what about the water — and the sticky matter of a marine park at the West Isles, between St. Andrews and Campobello Island? In 1983 the federal environment department released a draft policy paper for national marine parks. The West Isles area was chosen for a feasibility study. Says David McCreery, Parks Canada's planning head

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for the Atlantic region: "There is no marine parks legislation in Canada. We have no model for a marine park. We have to go to the people and talk to them about what a marine park is. There are a lot of misconceptions."

The West Isles region under consideration is roughly 10 miles long by five miles wide, oval-shaped and contains 45 islands between Deer Island, Campobello Island and mainland New Brunswick. The archipelago teems with marine life, ranging from massive fin, humpback and right whales down to lowly sponges and plankton. It is also home to thousands of birds, including bald eagles, ospreys, various gulls and northern phalaropes. Harbor porpoises and various types of seals live among the fir-capped islands poking out of the surging tidal waters. The area also has the world's second largest whirlpool. Parks Canada considers it ideal for "nature interpretation" for visitors and calls it representative of a major marine environment — the Bay of Fundy.

Not surprisingly, the fishery in the area is worth several million dollars. Despite the assurance of Parks Canada that the industry will not be disrupted, Walter Kozak, president of the Fundy Weir Fishermen's Association, is unconvinced. "Although Parks Canada constantly reiterates that the commercial fishery will not be affected, but will 'fit into the whole system,' policy states that 'certain areas will be zoned.'" He takes that to mean fishermen will be excluded from certain areas.

"I don't think people trust Parks Canada," Kozak says. "They are committed to establishing a park around Deer Island and the people are sitting back waiting to see how they are going to coerce and manipulate."

The New Brunswick government is enthusiastic, seeing it as having "tremendous tourist potential," says Scot Jennings of the provincial tourism department. Joe O'Brien adds that there are "strong forces in the area who represent local support for the project. They realize that it has many far-reaching benefits such as resource management, conservation, tourism and the spinoffs that would involve."

Peter Underwood, a research associate with the Oceans Studies Program at Dalhousie University, says that based on current national parks policy, he has reservations about a marine parks policy. "No one can imagine a piece of water with a line drawn around it," he says, adding that it would be more realistic to establish a marine park in an existing national park. "Most of the parks in the Atlantic region are waterfront, so I would be looking very seriously at incorporating oceans into existing parks."

Scot Jennings says that "as with any endeavor of this type there is a certain amount of local opposition to the project which is fairly well organized, extremely active and extremely vocal." But Joe O'Brien sees that type of involvement as one of the strengths of the planning process. "There is a whole history of public

involvement in national parks planning in Atlantic Canada. People are very interested in having a say in how national parks are managed here, much more so than in larger urban areas where people are not so much a part of their communities.

However, the Community Planning Association's Joanne Lamey of Dartmouth is unconvinced that Parks Canada is making a sincere effort to reach ordinary people. "We have found that their resources do not seem to be directed at involving the general public, the people who might be interested in using the park. It is geared more to professionals." She claims the agency has a "purist approach" to planning. "There is still some reluctance on the part of staff about open-

ness. People are given certain information and they do not always feel that their concerns are being responded to. It is all very managed as opposed to open."

The events of the centennial year include a celebratory aspect, an educational aspect and the assessment of projects for the future. But as Parks Canada takes stock for the future it is still dogged by the human relations problems of the past. Hopefully this year's exercise of consulting with the public will result in some workable consensus. The national parks are possessions of which this country can be justifiably proud. But care should be taken that this wondrous heritage is not blemished by having been built over the protests of unfortunate individuals. ☒

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The remarkable art of David Silverberg

Canada's foremost engraver brings a world of exotic and disturbing beauty to the tranquility of the Maritimes

By J.A. Burnett

The figure rises from the marsh like some sorcerer of legend. His hands gesture magically, calling birds into wheeling flight about his head. From a threatening sky a chill wind tugs at the hem of his woven poncho, but the man is oblivious to the weather, his bearded face lit with the serene rapture of creation. At his feet, in a tangled nest of cattail stems, crouches the fuzzy chick of a waterfowl, a horned grebe, staring downwards at the image of its mother on a sheet of paper half-hidden by the marsh debris.

The man is David Silverberg of Sackville, N.B., professor of fine art at Mount Allison University and a member of the Royal Canadian Academy.

The picture, entitled *The Imprinter*, is a self-portrait and a superb example of the complex wit and uncompromising technical excellence of an artist who is recognized around the world as one of the finest living practitioners of the demanding art of engraving. Its title is a deliberate play on words. Silverberg himself is an imprinter of images; yet, imprinting is also the mysterious phenomenon by which a newly hatched bird impresses on its awareness the first animate object it sees as the sustainer of its life.

David Silverberg was born in Montreal in 1936. Although he attended the famous children's art classes given at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts by Dr. Arthur Lismer of the Group of Seven, it was not until after his graduation from McGill University in 1957 with a degree in geophysics that he decided to abandon mineral exploration and pursue a career as an artist. He spent the next two years studying etching, engraving, and lithography in Paris and Grenoble. Four years later, when he was appointed as an assistant lecturer in graphic arts at Mount Allison in 1963, his work had won critical acclaim at 18 one-man exhibitions in centres such as Lyons, Toronto, Montreal, and Philadelphia.

"The new prints by David Silverberg make reading in

depth a required formula. A whole life seems to exist beneath his surfaces," wrote Kay Kritzwiser in *The Globe and Mail*. *The Montreal Star's* Robert Ayre found him "a versatile and polished craftsman, robust, fantastic, and witty in turn."

A year's study of printmaking techniques in Japan in 1966 led to several major exhibitions there, and the comment in the *Asahi Evening News* of Tokyo that "Mr. Silverberg is becoming known internationally as one of the world's top graphic artists."

In 1971-72 he spent a sabbatical year in Lima where his prints moved the director of Peru's National School of Fine Arts to state, "In Silverberg there can be found perfect balance between meaning, content,

and form. Silverberg's works are not just displays of craft and technique, of which he is a master, but rather his means to express something that is beyond the form itself. . . . For my part I can only write with admiration about the magnificent work."

To date, Silverberg's pictures have appeared in 120 one-man shows at galleries as far afield as Vienna, San Francisco, and Osaka, as well as in numerous group exhibits in company with works by such great contemporary artists as Braque, Calder, Chagall, Dali, Miro and Picasso.

His most recent exhibition closed just last month at the Moncton Museum. The opening, on November 9, was attended by a record crowd of close to 300. Prominent among the guests were art dealers Steve and Judy Jacobson, proprietors of Maritime Frame-It, a chain of print galleries and picture-framing shops, and close personal friends of David Silverberg.

"Some art openings are very quiet and subdued, like waiting in a dentist's office," observes Judy Jacobson. "This one allowed people to bubble. There's an enthusiasm and flair about David which most of us don't dare to express. He wears his heart on his sleeve; he shares himself a lot more than most artists."

"I'm not at all surprised that so many people came to the opening," she says. "They came because they wanted to meet an artist whose pictures express their own inner feelings so well. David is a rare person. After seeing his work or meeting him you want to capture a bit of his life, a bit of his essence, a bit of his aura."

Overheard at the opening was the question of a four-year-old girl who stared thoughtfully at a print entitled *Isaiah* in which Silverberg uses himself as a model for the Old Testament prophet.

"Mummy, is that God?" she asked.

"I suppose you could say that's a part of God," replied her mother.

"No," the little girl countered with complete assurance, "that is God."

Keith Wickens, director of the Moncton Museum, called the show the Romantic World of Silverberg. "I think it's appropriate," he says. "Silver-



The Imprinter



Dushanbe Girl

berg's subject matter is highly romantic. Although it may be something as simple as a bird, a flower, or a beached boat, the richness of color, movement, and sentiment raises our insight into it far above the humdrum. The 45 prints in the exhibit present romantic treatments of what he has seen in the four corners of the world, and hence the title.

"He's a naturalist who sees humanity as a part of nature. When he uses his meticulous skill to blend human figures with grasses or birds or boats he is depicting the infinite care that has gone into evolution of the natural world. The color and vivaciousness of his prints are the final, subtle additions which help attune us to a perfect harmony of which we can partake. Without that sense of harmony, we would fall apart."

A great many of Silverberg's images bear out Wickens' assessment. In *Marsh Harrier* a fierce and lonely bird of prey darts with powerful wing beats from the cover of a copse of trees towards the wide open spaces of the Tantramar Marshes. *Mother and Child* presents what might well be an Indonesian nativity scene, the tenderness of the figures enfold-

ed in lush jungle foliage. In *Magic Bird*, a woman, a fish, and a heron merge with each other in a manner that recalls medieval illuminated manuscripts, while a similar combination of naturalism and stylization arrests the eye in *Cedar Waxwings*. The sensuous lines and superb skin tones of the nude figure in *Braids* celebrate the human body, not as an object of shame or prurience, but as one of the supreme delights of nature.

Although some critics and commentators have concentrated exclusively on the light and joyful aspects of Silverberg's art to the point of labelling him a decorative artist, his major works, especially in recent years, belie this categorization with their underlying seriousness of purpose.

"When people dismiss my work as decorative, it breaks my heart," says Silverberg. "The appreciation of loveliness in a world that doesn't always show it is certainly my ongoing concern; but never to the point of eliminating a sensitivity to loneliness and suffering and tragedy."

He points to *Waiting*, a long, rectangular picture of a market square in

Ayacucho, Peru, peopled by 40 painstakingly individualized figures. At first glance, the bright colors and native costumes suggest a fiesta atmosphere. On reflection, we become aware of a disturbing quality of suspension. What are they waiting for, these people with the carefully impassive faces, the inward-looking eyes? This is no tourist brochure, but the real world in which beauty and gaiety coexist with fear and hardship. Refugees stand like this, surrounded by their belongings, waiting for trains to take them away. We remember that Ayacucho lies at the heart of Peru's current terrorist and counter-terrorist struggles. We remember also that these gentle folk, descendants of the once-great Inca empire, have been a waiting, subject people for close to 500 years, ever since the Spanish conquest.

"My people are lonely," says the artist. "The idea of being lonely is a very real one for me. Even in the most extraordinarily successful social situations, you walk essentially alone. You feel it most acutely when you have to ask for help."

In no work of Silverberg's is this thought more poignantly portrayed than

in *Berlin Carriage*, one of two major pieces to emerge from a trip he made to Berlin in 1982. More than a year in the making, this print, and its companion, *Doll in Berlin*, mark a departure into deeper, darker places in the artist's psyche. For a Jew, the brutal, historical fact of the Holocaust is an inescapable counterpoint to all beauty, all joy. *Berlin Carriage* is Silverberg's first public confrontation, as a Jewish artist, with that contradiction.

The scene is a storeroom filled with household goods — furniture, toys, books, clothing. It appears at first to be simply a still life study of forms, lights and shadows. With time, the allegory becomes awfully clear. The items in this room are not there by chance. In a tumbled heap in the left background are pieces of striped material which the eye identifies as Jewish prayer shawls. The writing on a child's slate is a scrap of a Jewish nursery rhyme. Chains and bars appear, and foreboding shadows which could be abstractions of Hebrew letters or of flames. The German sign, somewhat garbled, speaks of a one-way street, while dusty scales in the corner and a wooden cross are mute reminders that justice and Christian compassion were of no help to the long-departed occupants of this once-

prosperous home. On the wall to the right hangs a photograph of an orthodox Jewish family out for a walk. The heads of all but one are cut off by the frame of the print. Only that one survived the horror of the Holocaust. A little bird sits at one side. Is it living, or a stuffed specimen? We don't know. We do know that it is not singing.

"It was seeing that photograph that really started everything," recalls Silverberg with the hint of a catch in his voice, his smiling eyes now serious. "It was taken in 1924 — a happy family walking together at a time when there were 240,000 Jews living in Berlin. When I saw it in 1982, there were no more than 5,000 left."

"All that beauty and energy, book-reading and music were of no avail given the intense hatred that was built up, and the use of modern technology as the hand-maiden to murder, I can't imagine a bigger problem in art than the tension I feel between the desire to celebrate lovely things and the feeling that with all that beauty and intelligence, man is crueller now than he was before."

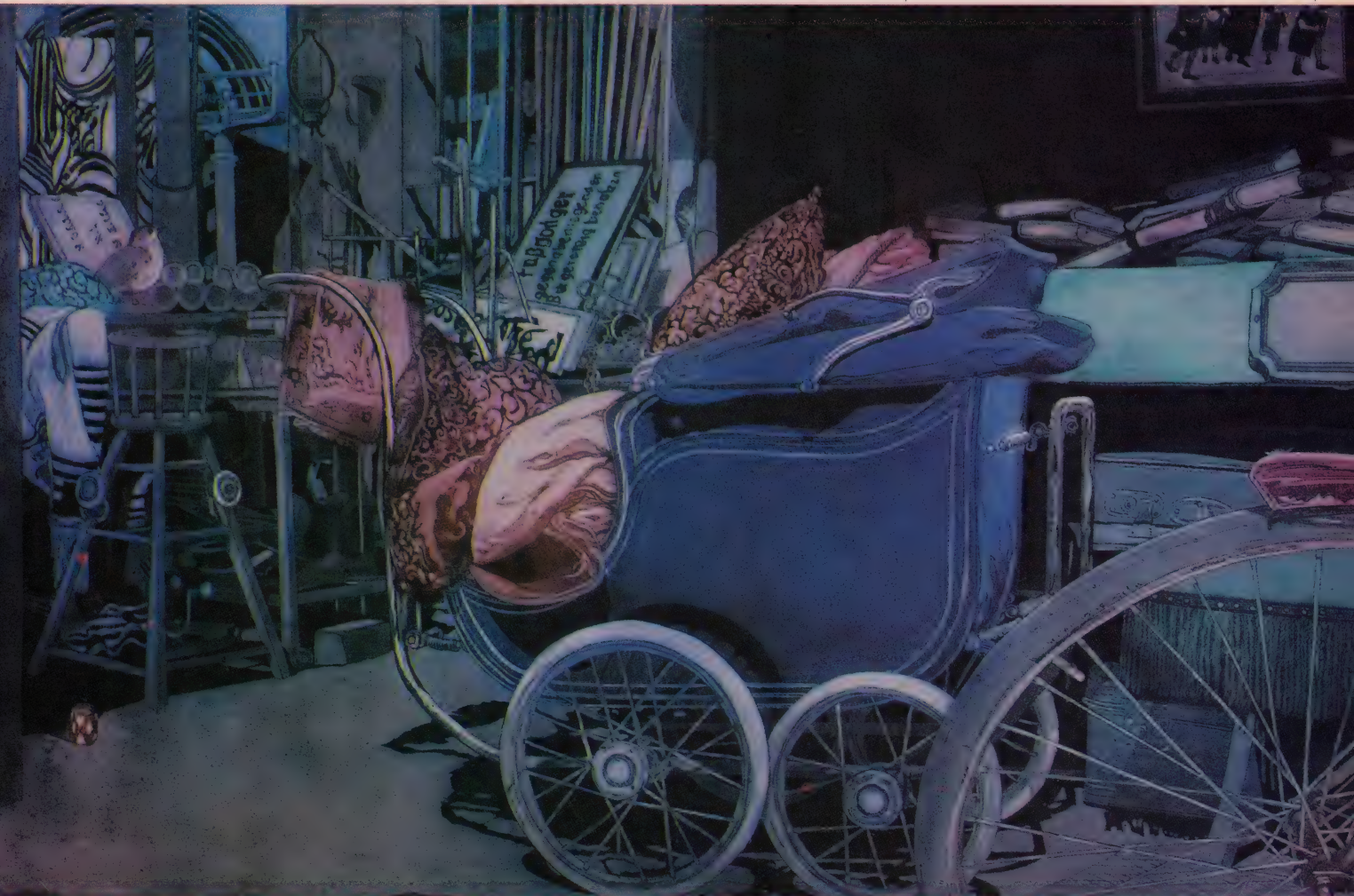
The power and intensity of *Berlin Carriage* stems in large measure from its understated quality.

"I could have put in more signs of blood and destruction," Silverberg ex-

plains, "and used all the tricks of propaganda, but that would undercut the sense of tragedy. One of the problems of a lot of modern art is that it gives you so little. The ideological message seems so important so the artist gives you only the message. But when you are given only one side, it makes life less interesting. That's not my job. My job is to show you that it's a real tragedy. What's the tragedy of a death if you have no appreciation of the living, exciting person who has been lost?"

This ability to confront the human tragedy without losing sight of beauty, hope, humor and tenderness is the product of a highly disciplined intelligence. Discipline is an essential ingredient of David Silverberg's technical accomplishment as well. Of all the media available to the visual artist, engraving is perhaps the most unforgiving. After an initial design has been worked out, it must be transferred with painstaking accuracy to a metal plate, using a pointed steel carving tool called a burin. With one slip the work of months can be destroyed by an ugly gouge in the surface of the plate. Once the engraving is completed, colored inks are applied with the fingertips, then wiped off till only the thinnest film remains, and

Berlin Carriage





Waiting

a print is made by passing the plate and one sheet of paper through a hand operated press that exerts 20,000 pounds of pressure per square inch. There is nothing casual or spontaneous about the process; yet, it is a measure of Silverberg's consummate skill that his finished work conveys spontaneity.

It was this combination of technical mastery and artistic flair which moved Henry Purdy, director of the Holland College School of Visual Arts in Charlottetown, to nominate Silverberg last year for membership in the Royal Canadian Academy, an honor society made up of some 500 Canadians who have established outstanding records in the arts. Purdy states that "David is there because he's such a tremendous draftsman, a master of color, and a person with a distinct insight into new places and people. I admire the way he gets into the folklore and legend of each place he visits to understand what makes their culture tick."

Keith Wickens of the Moncton Museum also comments on the importance of Silverberg the world traveller. "David Silverberg is an international artist," he says. "By a happy coincidence he happens to live in southeast New Brunswick, and we are very fortunate to have him here. The calibre of his work is truly world class, and he really is a citizen of the world in his understanding of what he sees. He's equally at home sketching a hawk in the Tantramar Marshes or watching for a chance to avoid surveillance in the Soviet Union in order to do some drawings without attracting the interference of the local police."

The latter reference relates to the story behind *Dushanbe Girl*, a jewel-like, circular print of a Tadzhik embroidery worker sewing designs in gold thread on a Moslem skull cap. As Silverberg tells the story, he caught sight of her while on a guided tour in Dushanbe, capital of the Tadzhik Republic in the U.S.S.R., just north of Afghanistan.

"She was so beautiful and so skilled that I just had to draw her," he remembers. "I feigned illness, pretended to return to the hotel, and then doubled back to the factory. Once there I managed to bluff my way past the supervisor by saying something about an important cul-

tural mission, and spent the rest of the afternoon doing sketches."

The maverick spirit that made Silverberg enjoy giving the slip to overzealous Soviet authorities shows up in his attitude to government patronage of the arts as well. A determined individualist, he has little respect or patience for the argument that agencies like the Canada Council must support experimental, non-commercial art.

Himself the recipient of a Canada Council Senior Arts Award in 1967, Silverberg is nonetheless adamant that government patronage is misplaced. If an artist works hard and has talent, he main-



Mother and Child

tains, public recognition will follow. "I don't believe artists should suffer, but I do believe they should build character by taking whatever work they have to. I never turned down a job in my life if it would help me support my art, and I'm proud that I made it the hard way.

"The government is the last person you should ask for money!" he explodes. "It doesn't encourage avant garde art, it encourages state art. The state gives somebody money to make non-figurative art; the state buys it back from him; the state

then places it in buildings owned and occupied by state agencies.

"The bureaucrats aren't bad people, but they're not generating the money they give away; they're taking it from people who then have no say in how it's spent. If the government wants to support artists, then let it give tax write-offs to individuals and corporations who buy art. Then the patron will be putting his own money and his own judgement on the line, and the artist will have to win respect for his work on its own merits. As it stands now, the system is creating enemies of art by subsidizing people just for 'doing their thing.'"

Such sentiments have not endeared Silverberg to some of his colleagues in the art community, and his choice of Sackville as a base of operations has had the further effect of placing him at a distance from the mainstream consciousness of the Canadian art market. Nevertheless, he finds benefits in the tranquility of a Maritime home base. The serenity of the place allows him to work more freely without the stresses and distractions that are the negative side of big city life.

He readily agrees that by settling in New York or Toronto to produce and market larger editions of prints at higher prices he could be both more wealthy and more famous. However, he has consistently resisted the chance to raise his prices because of his desire to make art that is accessible to more people, both in content and in cost. As a result his original, limited edition prints, selling at prices between \$200 and \$750, are among the best art buys available.

David Silverberg believes that communicating with people takes precedence over getting rich. "You pay a terrific price for not going with the establishment," he admits. "But if I had no audience, I wouldn't go on making images for very long. The real reward in art is that it's a way of communicating.

"One of the things I have to say is how people love and touch one another. It's as universal as anything I know. Hopefully I do it with love and tenderness, so that even the passion and the pain will be a celebration.

"And who knows? Maybe I'll live long enough that the big city buyers will come to me right here."

An endangered whale battles to survive the 20th century

Vast numbers of right whales roamed the North Atlantic until they were slaughtered by whalers. About 60 of an estimated 200 survivors now seek refuge in the Bay of Fundy. Some scientists worry new energy projects could finish them off

by Jon Handforth

Two miles south of the proposed second nuclear power plant at Point Lepreau, N.B., is the summer nursing area of the most endangered large whale in the world.

The North Atlantic right whale — named because it was the “right” one to kill as it swam slowly, floated when dead and yielded more oil and whalebone than other species — used to roam the Atlantic’s European, Arctic and American coasts in vast numbers. But the rights were hunted mercilessly by whalers, starting in the 11th century with the Basques, who pursued them as far north as Red Bay, Labrador, by the middle of the 16th century. An estimated 200 have survived and about 60 of those migrate to the Bay of Fundy each year to gorge themselves in the plankton-rich waters.

The right whale has not been the direct target of man’s never-ending quest for natural resources since it was afforded international protection in 1937. But some scientists, like research associate Scott Kraus, of Boston’s New England Aquarium (NEA), fear nuclear and tidal power projects in the Bay of Fundy and the search for oil and gas along the Scotian Shelf and Georges Bank could knock the whale out of one of its last refuges.

After almost 900 years’ contact with the species and despite its approachability and tendency to roam near shore, humans know remarkably little about these fat, black mammals which grow up to 50 feet long and weigh as much as a ton at maturity.

So far, studies have raised more questions than scientists can answer. The central mystery about right whales is: why hasn’t their population grown after being protected for almost 50 years? The species has been teetering on the edge of extinction since the 1920s. (By contrast, the gray whale in the Pacific, which was protected at the same time because it too was almost extinct, has rebounded to a population of 15,000 or more.) Researchers, delving into other questions related to that puzzle, have been studying the whales’ mating behavior, reproduction rates, feeding habits, social structure and other facets of life at sea. They still don’t know where most of the whales spend the winter. A major gap in knowledge was filled when

Kraus found several females from the Bay of Fundy with newborn calves off the Georgia coast last winter. But even that raised more questions.

Kraus says NEA research, which started in 1980 in the Grand Manan region of the Bay of Fundy, was beginning to provide some answers to right whale mysteries but funding has dried up. “It’s funny, the better you get at this stuff, the less support you get.” The research started at the request of U.S. officials when the Pittston oil company proposed to build an oil refinery at Eastport, Me., just across



The “right” whale: fat with oil and an easy kill

a narrow, tide-torn passage from Campobello Island, N.B. The research established that the whales use the bay as a summer nursery and feeding area and that groups of whales engage in almost constant sexual activity. The results were cited when the U.S. government ruled against Pittston’s plan because the refinery and supertankers could disturb the whales’ habitat. Since then research grants from various organizations have been redirected.

But several months ago, NEA was given a contract by the U.S. Marine Mammal Commission to draw up a long-range management and research plan for the animals in U.S. waters — from the border the world court established on Georges Bank down the coast to Georgia. NEA executive director John Prescott says the plan could provide guidelines for shipping to help prevent collisions like one last year off Long Island that killed a right whale calf from the Bay of Fundy. With the population so small, any birth or death is

significant — particularly the death of a young animal.

Prescott has several theories about why the population has not rebounded: it may be that the whales’ historic breeding grounds, like Chesapeake Bay, have become clogged by human development; or it may be that there are so few whales that it is almost impossible to rebuild. Lately he has been toying with the notion that right whales are still trying to recover from the effects of the Second World War, when countless whales were blown out of the water along the Eastern Seaboard by trigger-happy gunners unnerved by the submarine scares of the day or simply taking target practice.

Meanwhile, Kraus says it is important to continue research in Fundy because he is just beginning to dig out answers to basic biological questions. “Why haven’t they recovered to levels like gray whales? There are two factors working against us. One is that they only give birth every three years. The second is that this species apparently doesn’t reach sexual maturity until it is about 12 or older . . . The other thing is that we don’t know the gestation period, we don’t know exactly when conception takes place, and one of the long-term behavioral studies’ goals is to try to figure out if there is a peak in courtship activity that might relate to a peak in birthing times down south.”

The U.S. is starting to establish marine sanctuaries for whales and Kraus believes there are many reasons for giving the Bay of Fundy, and Browns Bank below Cape Sable Island, N.S., the same type of treatment. He is concerned that the combined effect of the Lepreau plants’ “thermal plumes” — hot, but nonradioactive, water that pours out from nuclear plants — and reduced tides from Nova Scotia’s planned tidal power plant in Minas Basin could significantly cut the bay’s productivity, knocking out the whales.

“Those are questions that I haven’t got the foggiest notion about attacking,” he says, “but in my opinion somebody ought to be looking at them. We don’t have the facilities or the support to do it and it’s not our place to do it — Canadians ought to be doing it.”

Kraus and Prescott have invited Canadian fisheries officials and scientists to a series of meetings this winter in the hope that they can develop guidelines to give the right whale additional protection in U.S. and Canadian waters. The plan, says Prescott, has to take into account that human activity cannot be halted. On the other hand, he says, it is inevitable that “human activity is going to kill animals in the sea — some of them. So what is the balance? We need to take action to bring that rate down as close to zero as possible.”



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Scallops in hot vermouth

Not to forget oysters with emerald butter. Whatever the choice, served amid the burgundy and rose decor of the Blomidon Inn in Wolfville, N.S., it makes a perfect winter fantasy

by Patricia Holland

Consider sitting by a crackling fire, surrounded by the warmth of burgundy and rose decor and the soft glow of old silver and polished wood as you eat a superb meal. It's a perfect February fantasy for valentines of all ages.

As guests enter the Blomidon Inn in Wolfville, N.S. — with its tall ceilings, broad hallways, cosy bedsitting rooms and countryside vistas — Peter and Gale Hastings give them a warm welcome, just the type they would get if they had been invited to a large private home.

It is difficult to believe that "it was not a conscious decision to open an inn" — that's how the Hastings put it — as you enjoy the fruits of their labors. In addition to supervising a small staff, Gale provides the inspiration for the fabulous meals. She also prepares them and oversees their presentation. This young woman literally leapt into catering to the public because of her keen eye for quality control and sure instinct for lifting local specialties to the level of the sublime. The funny thing is that when she studied home economics at nearby Acadia University, she was advised to transfer to another faculty.

Continental breakfast at the inn consists of an abundance of fresh muffins and cinnamon rolls, toasted brown bread, homemade jams and marmalade and local honey. If you want a bigger breakfast, bacon and eggs in various styles are available. In the winter, baked beans, hash browns or french toast and occasionally salt cod and pork scraps are added to the menu.

Afternoon tea in the Rose Room, in front of one of seven working fireplaces, features family silver service, daily sweets and seasonal fruit.

But the evening meal is what good dining is all about. Up to 60 diners can be seated at the tables covered with deep rose, Laura Ashley print tablecloths. The china and glassware have pink accents. Because Gale enjoys experimenting, especially with hot and cold soups, her menu is constantly changing. But two appetizers are constantly requested — Oysters with Emerald Butter and Scallops in Green Mayonnaise. Oysters are favored, not for their aphrodisiac value, but because there was always a barrel wintering in the basement of Gale's home. She says she'll be making the scallops forever. It's simple — the scallops are dipped in hot vermouth and then marinated in the mayonnaise and chilled.

The bread basket does not provide normal fare either. There is a collection

of house brown bread heavy with oatmeal, molasses and cornmeal, slim cheese wafers, oat cake and a fruit — *au naturel* or with a sparkling sugar coating in winter. Gale is a product and prime exponent of the Annapolis Valley, so an apple pâté will likely be served.

Fish for the main entrée dishes is dictated by what is available from an uncle who fishes in the Bay of Fundy, or other fishermen in Dover, Digby and Lunenburg. Meat specialties vary from Loin of Pork or Sauerbraten to the Chicken Elizabeth, complete with raised pastry hearts, featured this month. Each selection shows that Gale has a knowledgeable hand with tarragon, dill, basil or mint clipped from the garden or window-sill pots. Instead of sticking a sprig of parsley on a plate, she uses a careful frosting of finely chopped greens.

Dessert is not forgotten, and one in particular is about to become famous. The Chocolate Almond Torte has been chosen as one of the best chocolate desserts in North America. It was the only Canadian entry selected.

Gale Hastings professes that hers is not a "gourmet" kitchen. "An overall atmosphere" of a very special home is created by personalized service in warm, unpretentious surroundings. Guests linger long over dinner and can drink unlimited amounts of coffee. "Second sittings are impossible," says Gale, "because people just won't be hurried."

Broiled Oysters in Emerald Butter

Open oysters and arrange on a bed of coarse salt. To each oyster, add 1/4 tsp. of Emerald Butter and 1/8 tsp. of parmesan. Broil until golden.

Emerald Butter

In a food processor, combine a handful of fresh parsley leaves, 2 green onions, 1/2 cup fresh dill, 1 tsp. dried chervil and 2 tbsp. fresh tarragon. Process on/off, on/off until finely chopped. Add salt and pepper and the juice of half a lemon. Add 3/4 cup chilled butter and process until well blended. Roll into a "log" on waxed paper, about 1 1/2 inches in diameter, and chill. (This is also good as an instant sauce for fish.)

Scallops in Green Mayonnaise

1/2 cup dry vermouth
1/2 onion, finely chopped
sprig of parsley
bay leaf
salt and freshly ground pepper to taste

Place ingredients in a saucepan and heat until bubbles form. Add 1 pound scallops (or count 20) and poach gently for about 1-2 minutes. (Alternatively, the scallops can marinate in the same mixture overnight.) Drain, saving the liquid.

Green Mayonnaise

1 cup homemade mayonnaise, without the mustard
1 cup finely chopped mixed greens, as follows:
1/4 cup parsley
1/4 cup chives or green onions
the rest can be spinach, swiss chard, romaine, etc.

1 tbsp. fresh dill or 1/2 to 3/4 dried dill

Mix ingredients and thin with a little of the reserved poaching liquid. Add the cooled scallops and let them marinate for a couple of hours. Serve on a bed of crisp greens with lemon and freshly chopped parsley.

Pink Cranberry Soup

(Makes approximately four 6 oz. servings.)

1 orange
1 1/2 tsp. butter
3/4 cup sugar
1 cup sherry
1/2 lb. cranberries
1/2 cup dry white wine
1/2 cup light cream
1/2 cup sour cream
1/2 cup club soda

Peel the orange (use no white!) and cut peel into fine julienne strips. Squeeze orange and reserve the juice. Melt butter in a saucepan and sauté the rind. Add sugar, sherry and orange juice. Boil for 2 minutes. Add cranberries and cover. Boil another minute or so, then chill. Put it in a blender with the wine and blend for 1 minute. Add light cream and sour cream and blend again. Strain orange rind and cranberry seeds from the mixture. Before serving, add club soda and heat to order. Garnish with mint, pecan halves or fresh cranberries. (This is also pleasant served cold.)

Chicken Elizabeth

(Adapted from and named after a New Hampshire inn owner.)

4 6- to 7-oz. boneless, skinless chicken breasts
4 1/2 oz. crabmeat
4 tsp. lobster tomalley or lobster paste
1 1/3 oz. swiss cheese, grated
6 tsp. chopped, cooked spinach (optional)
4 puff pastry squares, rolled thinly
egg wash (1 egg beaten with 1 tsp. cold water)
1 1/2 cup hollandaise sauce

Pound chicken until about 1/3 inch



*Be recognized
by your taste in Scotch.*



FOOD

thick. Spread tomatillo on chicken breast. Add crabmeat and swiss cheese (and spinach if used). Roll up chicken and encase in pastry sealing with egg wash. Decorate with extra puff pastry according to the season — braids, bells and stars at Christmas, hearts in February, etc. Brush all over with egg wash and bake at 400° for about 20 minutes until golden. Serve on hollandaise sauce and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.

Trifle

The Blomidon Inn serves trifle all year, varying the fruit with the season. At Christmas it is mincemeat, and at other times there is blueberry, cherry, raspberry, rhubarb, strawberry, plum or peach. Homemade pound cake, soft custard, fruit preserves, blanched almonds, and sweet sherry are assembled in two layers of each and topped with whipped cream, fruit and almonds.

Custard

6 egg yolks
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 tsp. salt
2 cups light cream, scalded
1 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Mix yolks, sugar and salt in a heavy-bottomed saucepan. Slowly add scalded cream and cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon until the mixture coats the spoon. Don't boil! Strain into a bowl, add vanilla and mix. Let cool to room temperature.

Chocolate Almond Torte

Preheat oven to 250°

Meringue

4 egg whites
1 1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup ground, blanched almonds

Lightly grease four 8" pie plates. Whip egg whites until stiff, gradually adding sugar. Add ground almonds. Divide between pie plates, spreading evenly and thinly. Bake 20-30 minutes and carefully turn over. Leave them in the oven until they are dry. Total baking time will depend on the oven.

Filling

2 egg whites
1/2 cup sugar
2 tbsp. sweet cocoa
1 cup softened butter
4 oz. melted semi-sweet chocolate*

In a double boiler over hot, not boiling water, beat egg whites until foamy. Slowly add and whisk in sugar, cocoa butter and chocolate. Beat until thick and creamy. Remove from heat and cool.

*The secret is in the chocolate.

Assembly

Layer the meringues and filling beginning with a meringue and ending with the filling. Refrigerate 24 hours. Cut into wedges and garnish with chocolate liqueur flavored whipped cream, buttered almonds and chocolate shavings. ☑

Rad firm takes on the world

Canadian Automotive Radiator of Debert, N.S., is already the industry leader in Canada in the auto radiator parts it makes, and now is taking confident aim at the world market

by Steve Harder

With shipping crates marked for destinations in Australia, the United States and the Caribbean, a plant based in the small Nova Scotia community of Debert is taking aim at the world. The product is radiator replacement components. The company is Canadian Automotive Radiator which has already established itself as the industry leader in Canada and now is exploring the wider avenues of the international market.

If company president Barry Bartlett has his way, exports will eventually account for between 60 and 70 per cent of total sales. That compares with about 30 per cent currently and "virtually zero per cent" nine years ago when the company was formed.

While some firms may regard exports as a luxury, Bartlett sees them as a requisite for future growth. He says: "Of the products we're supplying, we've got 95 per cent of the Canadian market. Where else can we go?"

The obvious export market for most Canadian companies is the U.S. where Bartlett too makes most of his non-domestic sales. But gradually he is chipping away at other markets, in such places as Australia, New Zealand, Central

America, the Caribbean and England. Inquiries have come from as far away as Saudi Arabia and Yugoslavia.

The company's international performance has earned it two provincial development department export achievement awards and has impressed federal officials. Says Dale Blair, a senior trade officer in the Halifax office of the department of regional industrial expansion (DRIE): "He's done a very good job at home and I would say an amazing job abroad."

Domestically or internationally, the globe-hopping Bartlett's passion is sales. He deals with 140 firms and "I pretty well know all the owners personally." Success, he says, is in large part "a matter of responding to customers' needs." Attention to service and customer contact are among the reasons why the company has become a formidable competitor when taking on the American radiator giants.

Then too there is the confidence that comes from being a young company challenging the established order. "Old established businesses are not prepared to change," says the 44-year-old Bartlett. "I find them lethargic."

Lethargy is not a problem at Canadian Automotive Radiator, which has been quick to seize any new technology which might provide the company with a competitive advantage. For example, a computerized metal cutter that uses an electric spark to cut has been installed — it can make a die in a week instead of the two-and-a-half months needed with the older technology.

Actual production is a fairly simple process. Machines stamp out, on the dies, the pattern of the parts needed. Brass is the material commonly used. The plant only manufactures three types of components, but within each grouping it can supply the replace-

ment parts for virtually any type of radiator made. "The key to the components is that we have such a range of products that we have been able to build up a volume-type business," says Bartlett. "We're able to compete with anybody, any place."

Until 1982, the company manufactured entire radiators, but the recession of the early 1980s called for a reassessment of the firm's direction. There were too many radiator manufacturers for the market. "It was about this time Barry saw that the company's forte was in manufacturing components," says Phillip Cole, vice-president of financing.

So the decision was made to abandon the manufacture of the radiator core, which is the "honeycomb" complex of copper and brass tubing that dissipates heat. Instead, the company concentrated on producing side channels, which keep the radiator from expanding; headers, the framework to which the tank and the core are attached; and the tanks, which accept and store water.

Even with such a limited number of components, changes are constantly being made. Traditional brass tanks appear to be on the way out, to be replaced by plastic tanks which don't require soldering. Bartlett says his company is examining this trend, and "we're prepared to change with the market."

Because Bartlett is willing to adapt, he moved to Debert from Toronto, where he had started a radiator repair business with the help of an uncle in 1973. In Ontario, he soon found supply problems forced him to fabricate pieces, and eventually he decided to leave for an area with less competition. He had been in Nova Scotia before to visit his wife's family and knew there weren't any other radiator manufacturers east of Montreal. "It was quite obvious what I had to do," he says. "I had to set up a manufacturing outlet." In 1975 the Debert plant opened.

In the nine years since, sales have increased to \$4.5 million from \$300,000 and the number of employees has jumped to 45 from 15.

Bartlett, a qualified pilot, has purchased a Cessna twin-engine plane to help him meet the demands of his appointment calendar.

Much of his satisfaction currently comes from expanding export sales. This type of situation is not unusual, says Dale Blair, who has found many business people turn to exports after establishing a successful domestic operation. "It's like proving yourself a second time."

Barry Bartlett got his start in the export business after attending a trade show in the United States. The initial nibbles turned into bites and now it's Bartlett's turn to try to take a few large chunks out of a \$75-million-a-month international industry. That's a lot of tanks, side channels and headers.



Bartlett: outgrowing the domestic market

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STRICTLY BUSINESS

Ragweed Press and the perils of publishing on the Island

Canada Council money and government publishing jobs helped, but making a success of P.E.I.'s only book house was still no easy task

by donalee Moulton-Barrett

It had been a while since Libby Oughton put her feet up and enjoyed a cold beer. First there were the publishers' meetings in Toronto and then as president of the Atlantic Publishers' Association (APA) she was needed in Halifax for a series of seminars and executive conferences. But now she had nearly two full hours free and finally her feet rested on a comfortable chair and a Keith's was in her hands.

Oughton, owner of Ragweed Press Inc. in Charlottetown, is one of the region's busiest and most committed publishers — and her company is one of the most successful. Every year for the last three years sales have doubled and now, says Oughton, the business is worth about \$100,000. Not bad for a company that started 11 years ago as an "occasional" publisher.

Ragweed Press was formed in 1973 by Harry Baglole in celebration of P.E.I.'s 100th anniversary in Confederation. "Harry discovered that the kind of material that he wanted to get published couldn't get published elsewhere," explains Oughton. But it was still only a part-time venture — four books in six years — with no money. Until Oughton joined the firm in 1980.

That was the year Oughton decided to change her life around. She had been assistant director of the Association of Canadian Publishers for five years and she needed a break. The two kids she had raised alone were grown and moving out. All it took for her to uproot was the mention of a couple of book projects Baglole was working on. "I did it on the spur of the moment," Oughton remembers, "I'd talked with Harry but we didn't have a plan."

By the time Oughton got settled in Charlottetown she and Baglole were busy raising every cent they could and planning two books for publication in the fall. "We each borrowed, mortgaged and coerced money for the first project," says Oughton, who finagled a \$10,000 bank loan and borrowed \$2,000 from friends and relatives. Once they had the money



RICHARD FURLONG

I'm a woman."

Yet that's exactly what she did. She sold her house in Toronto and raised \$25,000 to buy Baglole out and pay off the banks. Then she quit her job at the bookstore. Two months later she submitted a tender "worth well over \$100,000" on an Island textbook project — and won. Ragweed was on its way. Or so it seemed.

"I had to learn a lot very quickly," says Oughton. The size of the contract automatically increased the size of her small business tenfold. She had no full-time employees and her office was her home. She also had very few contacts with P.E.I. designers, writers, editors or bookbinders — all of whom she would need to fulfil the government contract. The government was emphatic about that: all the work had to be done on the Island. It was the first textbook project in Canada, as far as Oughton knows, to spend so

story writers, every little bit helps.

There is one thing that every publisher must face, says Oughton, and that's the fact that there are two kinds of books. "There are the survival books, like cookbooks, travel books, tourist books and kids' books and then there are the books you're committed to, the special interest and literary books. It would make a lot more sense down here as a publisher to go in for those meat trade publications, but what happens to the poets and the novelists? I'm trying the delicate balance between surviving as a small business and producing cultural books."

One of the survival decisions Oughton did have to make, however, was to expand her market. Originally she planned to publish only books about, for and by Prince Edward Islanders. The market, she soon realized, simply isn't big enough (there are only 120,000 people in Prince Edward Island and Oughton is the only full-time publisher), so in the spring of 1983 she published her first non-Island book, *Pearls*, a collection of poetry by New Brunswick writer Fred Cogswell. Almost exactly one year later she published her first non-Atlantic writer, another poetry book, this time by Orangeville, Ont., resident Penny Kemp.

And for every poetry book, like these that Oughton produces, she needs to publish two or three "survival books." Not too surprisingly her three best sellers fall into that category. Two of them are children's books, one a cookbook. *A Child's Anne* by Deidre Kessler and Floyd Trainor came out in August '83 and quickly sold out its first print run of 2,000 books. Oughton reprinted another 2,500. Likewise *Seafood Cookery* by Julie Watson appeared in 1983 and immediately sold out. Another 2,000 books were then run off. *Witch of Port LaJoye* by Joyce Barkhouse has fared quite well, says Oughton. Of the 1,500 copies printed in 1983, only 200 are left.

But even good-selling books like these don't necessarily translate into money. "Selling regional trade titles is a very marginal business," says Oughton. "If it sells on the first run, you're lucky to break even plus make a little bit, and often it's the second print run before any profit is made."

Take *Seafood Cookery*, for example. It sells for \$8.95; 10 per cent of that goes to the author, 40 per cent to the bookseller. That leaves Oughton with 50 per cent from which she pays the typesetter, the printer, the designer, the editor, the distributor and the cost of promotion, which includes everything from catalogue mailings, author readings, ads in Canadian trade papers, exhibiting at conventions and nagging the Classic bookstore owner down the street to carry the book. "I would like to take a cross-Canada trip and knock on every bookseller's door," laughs Oughton. But, of course, there hasn't been the time. She's lucky if she gets a chance to put her feet up and enjoy a cold beer.

Oughton: trying the delicate balance between surviving and producing cultural books

they formed an equal partnership.

Less than six months later their first book, *My Island Pictures*, a full color folk art book in paperback (\$9.95) and hardcover (\$19.95), was on the market. "This was Ragweed's first major project," says Oughton, "and we made a lot of small business mistakes. We spent all our money on one project. We printed too many books. We had an opening and the books got caught in a snowstorm..."

But they persevered, and by not paying all their bills they actually had enough money left over to publish *The Poets of Prince Edward Island*, a \$6.95 paperback that cost Ragweed only \$2,500 to edit, typeset, print and publish. Unfortunately, by this time Baglole was tired of not earning any money (Oughton was working in a bookstore to support herself) and in 1981 he took a steady job with the provincial department of cultural and community affairs. "So there I am with no experience," says Oughton, "Ragweed was just becoming enough of a thing in my life that I didn't want to give it up but at that stage it had never occurred to me to become president of a small business.

much money locally and not allow a co-publishing venture with a larger, outside firm. "They were breaking incredible new grounds," she says. And they were taking Ragweed along with them.

In order to handle the project Oughton hired her first full-time employee and bought herself a word processor. But she was still working out of the house. It wasn't until 1982 that Ragweed moved into offices in downtown Charlottetown. In the meantime, Oughton decided to make Ragweed a full-time, active publisher and proceeded to publish an amazing nine titles that year, nine the next and eight in 1984.

Of course, she had a little help from the Canada Council. In 1982, based on Oughton's past experience, Ragweed Press was given a Canada Council project grant — money based on "a deficit that a culturally valuable book will engender." One year later she was awarded money under the Canada Council block granting program for a list of books. Oughton got \$11,000. And when you're publishing regional books, including literary books by poets and short

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STRICTLY BUSINESS

Finding money in the bushes: a use for alders at last

Edward Vacon has built a cottage industry using a woody weed as raw material. He makes baskets with alders. They're selling like hotcakes in the U.S.

by Belle Hatfield

Alder could easily be a synonym for "pest" in most parts of the Maritimes — a hardwood weed the size of a small tree that will choke up a field, gravel pit, marsh or roadside in no time.

Edward Vacon of Gardners Mills, Yarmouth County, N.S., may have scored a first. Not only has he put alders to good use, he's actually turning a profit with them. He uses them — bark and all — to make baskets for decorative floral arrangements.

They're selling like hotcakes in the United States. A first order of 15,000 baskets was shipped in early November to a large wholesale nursery and hothouse operation outside Boston. Vacon says the nursery operator wanted the first shipment to meet the Memorial Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays.

The baskets are a simple affair — they look like miniature log cabins without roofs. Vacon started producing in early October and he says the six people working out of the basement of his barn can produce up to 1,000 a day.

He says there's a growing demand for floral arrangements, particularly for use outdoors. That's where his alder baskets come in. Filled with soil, they can hold arrangements that will last indefinitely.

The idea of making floral bases from natural materials is not new. Vacon says the Boston operation has been using similar baskets for several years. In the past, their requirements were met by an outfit in Maine, but when the supplier ceased production last year Vacon was ready to step in.

He says that Canada's weak dollar is working in his favor. "With the dollar so low, our prices look pretty attractive to the Americans."

This is not the first time Vacon has attempted to crack that market. Several years ago he and his brother Louis, who owns a Nova Scotia Christmas tree operation, tried to sell a similar basket made from slab softwood. "Nobody would



BELLE HARTFIELD

Vacon and his lucrative alder baskets


even look at them," he recalls.

Although his first order is filled, production is not about to cease. Another order, this one for 40,000 baskets, must be filled before spring. He expects that it, and the commitments he is hoping to receive from Maritime florists, will keep those people in his cellar workshop working through the winter months.

The basket-makers, however, aren't the only ones benefiting from the project. Vacon says there are as many as 10 people cutting alders for him. The alders, especially common along the sides of roads in his area, are cut and stacked in bundles of 100.

When asked what kind of permission was needed to cut the alder on public land, his eyes twinkled. He says at first highways department officials laughed. "Alders are such a nuisance around here, they couldn't believe that someone really wanted to buy them," he says.

Vacon can afford to listen to laughter. Retired now, after having worked in construction for many years, he says the project has been a good way to keep busy. And it will continue to keep him busy. He is now investigating the possibility of producing finished floral arrangements for the local market.

"When I tell people that I'm willing to pay for alders, they think I'm crazy," he says with a knowing grin — knowing that it takes a touch of business genius to make a dollar with alders. 

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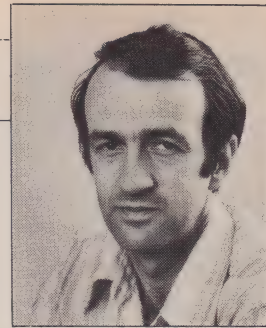


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Provincial Tories had better watch their pals in Ottawa



People who see phantoms and apparitions may take to beating their heads against the wall to bring themselves back to reality. I know how they feel. I'm on the verge of doing the same thing myself, so incredible is the spectacle surrounding this business of federal spending cuts in Atlantic Canada.

You'll recall that for a good 15 years or more preceding Sept. 4 last, any attempted parsimony by Ottawa at the expense of Atlantic Canada, however small, was enough to ignite a general mobilization.

Were CN's ferry or rail rates going up by a staggering four per cent? Was the stingy Scot Allan MacEachen concerned that steady increases in equalization payments to the provinces needed a wee review? Was Transport Canada trying to save a few pence on runaway highways spending? Did the unspeakable Marc Lalonde mumble instead of answering with a crisp "yes" to the latest request for millions of dollars to build a port, a wharf, a public building, a sphinx or whatever?

Any of this was broad evidence of a heinous conspiracy to do dirt to these friendly little provinces. A fiendishly insensitive federal government would obviously stop at nothing to deprive these provinces of their birthright and give it to Ontario. The only option was to fight back. Premiers and their ministers mustered their economists and did battle, business leaders cried foul, chambers of commerce sounded alarms.

Then the Tories came to power on that fateful day in September and have indulged ever since in a veritable orgy of what was forbidden the Grits. At virtually every turn some aspect of federal spending is being chopped — Via Rail, national historic site restorations, a Canada Council office in Moncton, the Coast Guard, a capital budget here, an operations budget there. Ferry rates are not only going up drastically, a number of ferries are being cut altogether. And that, we are told, is just the start. The other shoe will drop with the spring budget.

Along with this there is, apparently, an attitude. The fishery "is not a big banana" in Central Canada, Fisheries Minister John Fraser has stated, and it will have to fight for cash along with any other industry. Besides, he said, Ottawa has no more money to give anyway.

And what has been the response to this slight to Atlantic Canada, this all-out attack on its integrity, its birthright, its livelihood? Surely the premiers are on the

barricades, their powder dry and ready. Surely the burghers of business, squeezed at the throat, are howling blue murder.

This is where one has trouble locating reality. Apart from a few town councils and union leaders, as of the beginning of the year there had been hardly a peep of protest. The premiers — notably John Buchanan and Brian Peckford — seem to think that whatever is happening is marvellous, not to mention long overdue. Peckford has even heard expressing understanding for Ottawa's budgetary problems. Measured against his past pronouncements, that's like Yassir Arafat

That the federal Tories are better friends to Atlantic Canada than the Liberals were is an unproved assumption

sympathizing with the Israeli army for its logistical problems.

Why is all this happening? A few possibilities.

- Rank hypocrisy. The yelling and screaming of the past decade or more was primarily partisan and had little to do with the real economic needs of the Atlantic region. It was mostly Tories yelling at Liberals. Now that the Tories are in the yelling stops.

- Naive optimism. The belief that whatever is lost in cuts will be regained because business will blossom under the free-enterprise Tories or through different kinds of government spending — for example on the military.

- Shock. The cuts have been coming so hard and fast that few within the public, business or government have had a chance to properly digest them. When they do, the possibility exists that the federal Tories will find themselves in the same hot water as the Liberals did.

Probably it's all of the above to some degree. But no matter what it is there's a kind of perversity to it all. Having sought to frustrate and retard the lesser

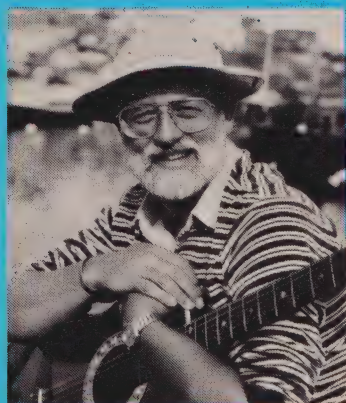
restraint the Liberals were trying at the end to impose, the provincial governments have brought on themselves a much greater austerity — and find themselves unable to utter criticism. In the case of Nova Scotia, an optimistic growth outlook has been revised downward by some forecasters because of the federal cuts.

Although it was they who initiated the spending that resulted in the troublesome deficit in the first place, the Liberals were right to attempt to reverse their course. Much of the spending that led to the deficit was profligate and wasteful. This was as true in the Atlantic Provinces as elsewhere. It's hard to quantify such things, but my estimate is that as much as half the billions spent here over the past 15 years or so had no effect whatsoever — except, perhaps, to teach the more cunning to manipulate bureaucracies to advantage. This was particularly true of various grants and subsidies meant to create jobs, much of which ended up in the hands of people and industries that didn't need them at all.

What would be the most useful attitude for provincial governments and other East Coast interests to take in the face of these cuts? Clearly the habit of raising a verbal insurrection at every federal move is well enough dead. Whatever purpose it served is of no value now. The nation is up to its eyebrows in debt and even slowing the rise of that debt will require pain from every part of the country. The Conservatives have no option but to cut. Yet now there looms the very danger that the provinces fought relentlessly against when the Liberals were in power. Ottawa may end up with a free hand to cut where it will, with only scattered voices protesting. One excess may replace another — all in the name of partisan jiggery-pokery. Where are Atlantic Canada's true interests in all this?

The role of the provinces and other economically-oriented voices in the region should be to watch the process with extreme vigilance to see to it that the cuts are equitable — both among regions of the country and within Atlantic Canada. Finance Minister Michael Wilson promises even-handedness. But cuts are always a tricky business in Atlantic Canada which has come to depend more on federal support than other parts of the country. The proposition that the federal Tories are better friends to Atlantic Canada than the Liberals were is an unproved assumption. The provincial Tories had better keep an eye on their buddies in Ottawa.

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FOLKS

When ceramicist **Brian Segal** received an invitation from the Ontario Potters Association to participate in a national competition initiated by Lily Schreyer, wife of the former governor-general, to create official place-settings for Rideau Hall, it was his

Segal: "I found a better way to make a saucer"

busiest season. "I supply about 50 or 60 other shops," explained Segal, owner of College Grant Pottery in Antigonish, N.S. "The deadline for completion of my entry was only six to eight weeks so I decided to go with a process that I know very well and not take chances. I chose a wheat pattern, because of its Canadiana theme, and worked in blue and white porcelain." Despite such careful planning, Segal still had other problems to surmount. "Things go wrong in pottery so I had to make 10 sets just to get three," said Segal. Since each place-setting has seven pieces, a total of 70 pieces had to be produced to get a perfect setting. But it paid off. "I found a better way to make a saucer," Segal laughingly recalls. Better still, his entry was one of the 22 chosen by Mrs. Schreyer from the 130 submitted from across Canada. Segal has the added distinction of being the only Maritimer to have had his work chosen. The winning entries have been showcased in a national travelling exhibition entitled "The Perfect Setting," which was in Halifax last fall and has just completed its run in Fredericton. After completing its national tour, the exhibition is scheduled for New York and Europe later this year. Segal is ecstatic. "This is one of the biggest competitions ever held in Canada. I am thrilled to have had my work chosen for it."

Bill Grimmer's German shepherd "Daisy" has more hours in the air than most helicopter pilots but then Grimmer's dogs aren't your average run-of-the-mill pet canines. A New Brunswick native, Grimmer is a dog handler who has trained his multi-purpose dogs to do everything from apprehending criminals to locating drugs or other contraband. His dogs are in such demand that they regularly commute between their home base of Moncton, N.B., and Huntsville, Texas, where they detect contraband on off-shore rigs. Grimmer's love of dogs goes back to his childhood in St. Stephen, New Brunswick where he worked



Grimmer and Daisy: keeping oil rigs drug-free

ed part-time for a local vet who kept bird dogs. He got his first practical experience after meeting a German defector who trained dogs during the Second World War. Fascinated with the idea of becoming a dog trainer, Grimmer found that there was no provision in Canada for private enterprise to do the quasi-police type of work that interested him, so he moved to the States. In Texas, Grimmer's dogs are airlifted on to the rigs. "It takes about 20 hours to do a search" says Grimmer. "Safety is the biggest factor . . . The oil companies can't afford to have mistakes made. That's why the rigs must be kept clean." Given the high success rate of his dogs (drugs have been found in everything from a nasal inhalant to cans of food), he hopes more attention will be given to their use in the offshore industry in Atlantic Canada.

Thirty-year-old **Don Whynot** of Pleasantville, Lunenburg County, N.S., has been showing poultry on and off for 20 years. Whynot and others with the same obsession like to be called "bird fanciers." Whynot boasts that he had the largest variety of standard breeds at last year's South Shore Exhibition. The 70 birds he entered were chosen from the 300 that he owns. The food bill for such a winged menagerie isn't chicken feed though. Last year they gobbled up \$4,000 worth. Whynot and his fellow bird fanciers go to exhibitions all over Nova Scotia. He couldn't show at the big Fall Classic at Truro last year, though, because the event was held a month early and his birds were "out of feather." But Whynot's Rhode Island Red was declared the overall champion "standard male" at Yarmouth last August. Exhibitions aren't as much fun for the birds as they



ALBERT LEE

are for Whynot, who says that they don't seem to thrive on town water. "After seven days some may go downhill ... especially in the hot weather. They'll moult some," he says. Whynot's fascination with birds began when the first hens he bought as a youngster, Old English Game Bantams, won prizes. Whynot stresses the time required to feed, water and care for his brood means there's no money in it. Rumor has it, however, that he has been known to drive his poultry to fairs in a Cadillac. Bird fancier indeed!


When John Cheesman, a native New Brunswicker now living in Toronto, heard about the Bicentennial Song Contest being sponsored by his home town of Saint John, he knew that he would probably kick himself if he didn't enter. He soon found inspiration once he sat down at his kitchen table and "put together a free form list of words and images that conjured up Saint John for me." Obviously his feeling that he should submit something was right: his song was unanimously declared the winner by the judges. "I did a big production with a band and two singers," says Cheesman, who works as a freelance composer, arranger and drummer in Toronto. "I thought I had a winner." The opening lyrics of the winning entry come straight from the heart, echoing the composer's readily admitted belief that he is "spiritually a Maritimer." "I love Saint John, good old Saint John, My home town on the Fundy Bay," Cheesman rhapsodizes. "I would love to go back to the Maritimes to live," he says, "but in order to make a living in music I have to do it here where there are a greater number of opportunities." In the meantime, he is optimistic that his winning song may be recorded as a single. "People are really getting warmed up to the idea," he says. "In this day and age it is really important to have air play."

St. John's, Nfld., has had lending banks, blood banks and fishing banks for years, but a co-operative costume bank is something new to the city. Costume enthusiasts **Deborah Clarke, 25, Peggy Hogan, 33, and Karen Crummell, 29,** began the city's first a year ago with Canada Council funding. "It's unusual for a city the size of St. John's to have a bank," says Crummell, "but then the amount of thea-

tre in this town is out of proportion to the size of the place as well." In their first 10 months of operation, the seamstresses tackled everything from a giant jellyfish costume used in a stage satire of the provincial fisheries minister to the costumes for a 40-character papal pageant. "A lot of people think costuming is just sewing," says Hogan, "but there's more than that involved. You have to research costumes. You make your own patterns. You have to build a costume so that it can be altered to fit a variety of body types. For collective shows you have to design costumes which can be changed quickly or worn in layers." Which are the hardest costumes to find? According to Clarke, those which people never think of saving. Things like work clothes and well-worn clothing. "We can always break down new clothing to make it look worn," Clarke explains, "that's the fun part of costume making. We tear the cloth, scrape the clothes with wire brushes or steel wool and spray the fabric with paint and grease. Of course, it's better if people donate something worn in the first place."

For many years people in Summerside have referred to **Wayne Wright** as "Mr. Fox" because of his avowed passion for that animal. "I am in love with the black fox," he says. "I would be a black fox if I was not a man." With sentiments such as these, it is not surprising that Wright was chosen to design a pro-

Wright: a passion for black foxes

posed International Fox Hall of Fame and Museum at the historic Holman Homestead in Summerside. Wright is an Islander who wears many hats. "Basically," he says, "I am a poet. But I wanted to do this project very much. There are whale people. I am a fox person." He is also an accomplished portrait artist, a regional newspaper cartoonist and has three published books to his credit. He also designed the P.E.I. Sports Hall of Fame and Museum. He is optimistic the museum will open by June and become a big tourist attraction. It will use models, videos and photographs to chronicle the history of the silver fox industry on P.E.I. during its boom period from 1910 to 1939. According to Wright, "It was the Klondike of the East. Furs were sold on the London market and breeding stock sold for up to \$35,000 a pair." All foxes are basically red, he says, but for some reason nature creates a black or silver phase. "It is a tremendously beautiful pelt, so much so that in medieval times only kings were allowed to wear them," enthuses Wright. 



RICHARD FURLONG

Foreign fishermen rate the Atlantic ports

Foreign fishermen spend months at sea on the North Atlantic: what do they think about most? The nearest port, usually. And how do they regard exotic places like St. John's and Halifax and other communities on the East Coast of Canada and environs? American author William W. Warner, a winner of the Pulitzer Prize, sailed with most of the national fleets in their heyday a few years ago. In the following excerpt from Distant Water, The Fate of the North Atlantic Fisherman (Little, Brown and Co.) we find Warner aboard the West German trawler the Frithjof when the conversation turns to the merits of the various ports

Like the invisible strands that draw seabirds to their particular breeding islands, fishermen constantly feel the pull of the nearest port city. The pull is very strong. It exists even when crews know their ship is not scheduled to make a call. The men will talk of the city anyway, recalling the shore leaves of former voyages. The pull also shifts and changes in subtle but perfect harmony with a ship's passage from one major ground to another. A good example of this was the conversation aboard the *Frithjof* in the course of her various shuttle trips between different elements of the German fleet off West Greenland and the Labrador. For all the time the *Frithjof* was off Greenland, the talk abroad was entirely of Godthaab.

"Wait until you see the *nuk nuks* swarm over us!" a deckhand might typically begin. "All they want is a few drinks and a good time. No money, you understand."

"Oh, yes, it is true," another would reply. "We call Godthaab the polar paradise, the Paris of the Arctic!"

"Yes, the *nuk nuk* girls are like little angels dropped from heaven, but it seems as though they all fell on their noses," someone would always add, in what passes for German humor.

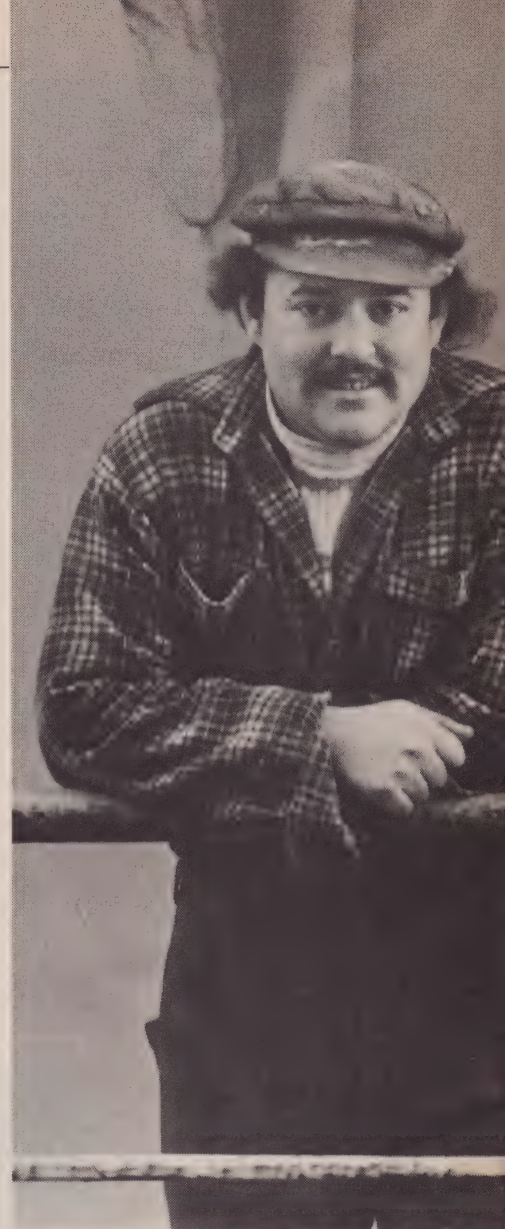
"Who cares about the noses?" a fourth might answer. "That's not what I look at."

And so forth, throughout the course of many long watches. But when the *Frithjof* was suddenly ordered to leave Greenland and return to the Labrador, all talk of Godthaab ceased. It was quickly

replaced by St. John's, which proved rather less interesting.

Although many nations fish the North Atlantic, the opinions of their crews on the ports most frequently used by fishing vessels are remarkably uniform. Halifax, for example, is considered too big and impersonal, though it ranks high for shopping purposes. Its harbor is the most ample in the Canadian Maritimes, but trawlers are usually crowded together alongside a lonely wharf without floodlights, on which sits a huge and half-empty shed sometimes used for tallow and vegetable-oil storage. In the immediate area are only railway yards or grain elevators, and it is a long walk to the downtown shopping centers. The walls of the storage shed are decorated with the names and home ports of many trawlers, crudely hand painted by their crews in the spirit of "Kilroy Was Here," a sure sign of boredom. But for those fishermen who do venture downtown there are the good stores, at least. And farther up the harbor, in the vicinity of a naval depot, the solace of massage parlors and like establishments.

Saint-Pierre and Miquelon, France's two tiny islands off the south coast of Newfoundland, are by contrast held to be very friendly. Spanish captains speak of them as *las islas de lo posible*, the isles where all is possible, and this is probably as good a characterization as any. Certainly their population of 5,600—98 percent of whom live in the principal town of Saint-Pierre on the island of the same name—has done everything possible to welcome outsiders. Historically, the St.-



Pierrais have been extremely hospitable, for example, to the annual invasions of the great French salt-cod fleets of three hundred or more dory schooners that used Saint-Pierre as a base during much of the nineteenth century. Or, earlier in this century, to an almost equal number of American rumrunners, who found the small islands a convenient operational center for other purposes during the Prohibition era...

Other ports along the path of the North Atlantic arch are so small or inhospitable that many crew members will not bother to go ashore. There is Isafjörður (Icy Fiord) on Iceland's rugged northwest peninsula, which is no more than a long pier, a fish plant, and some small houses clustered under brooding cliffs of black basaltic rock. Isafjörður has a population of 3,500 and, most regretably, no easy sources of alcoholic beverage. (There are no bars in Iceland; wines or liquors may be served only at restaurants as accompaniments to bona fide meals.) In such a small town, the presence of fifty to one hundred carousing foreign fishermen is like an army of invasion. The locals come to resent these



invasions, of course, and fishermen quickly sense they are not wanted. Torshavn in the Faroe Islands, much used by the British during the cod wars with Iceland, and Honningsvåg, a town of 5,000 tucked behind the North Cape of Norway, are similarly stressed. In such places captains scarcely need hoist the Blue Peter, the traditional signal flag announcing intention to depart, or blast away on the foghorn for stragglers. As likely as not, all hands will already be aboard — tired, bored, and hung over — after the first twenty-four hours. When at last they leave, in fact, many look forward to the refreshment of returning to sea.

North America's oldest city has a history of wars, pirates, and fire . . . yet she still stands, a monument to the proud past, looking forward to a bright future. From the majestic hills surrounding St. John's harbour the visitor to our city can see "The Narrows" through which John Cabot sailed in the "Matthew" on St. John's Day, 1497. From this vantage point he can see

a modern, efficient harbour development where ships of all nations tie up to take on provisions and seek shelter from sudden Atlantic storms just as they have for centuries. . . Stay a while, friend, we'd like to know you better.

So reads the introduction to a free brochure and city map put out by the Tourist Commission of St. John's, Newfoundland. Insert the word "possibly" somewhere in John Cabot's discovery, substitute "fishing vessels" for "ships of all nations," and it is both accurate and free of all hyperbole. Even the invitation to know you better, which is extended to visiting fishermen as much as anyone else.

There is good reason for this. Whether they like it or not, sooner or later, all transatlantic fishermen visit St. John's. By any reckoning it is the nearest port to the major grounds of the Grand Banks and the Labrador. Thus, as it was in the dawn of the salt-cod fishery, St. John's in this century again became the busiest fishing port in North America. Accordingly, the provisioning and repair of fishing vessels have been the foundation

Portuguese sailors: "I likes the Portuguese best. They're the merry ones, you know"

of the city's commerce. Visiting fishermen, moreover, have played almost as important a role for its merchants. Given these circumstances, a state of watchful truce or a cautious mutual tolerance has evolved quite naturally between the two groups. Foreign fishermen may not rate St. John's very highly as a liberty port, but they at least appreciate the cheery "good mornings" with which sanguine shopkeepers occasionally greet them, the absence of curious stares when they lumber into restaurants, and the freedom from excessive police surveillance that is often their lot in other ports. For their part the citizens of St. John's generally agree that the visiting fleets do after all give the city some distinction or "a touch of local color." They enjoy rating the crews according to nationalities, in fact, almost as much as crews like to rate ports.

"Oh, they're not a bad lot," a taxi driver tells you. "I likes the Portuguese best. They're the merry ones, you know. And isn't it a bright time when the great white fleet (the Portuguese dory



Signal Hill: a sign shelter is near after endless cliffs

schooners) comes in! The flags flying, the men singing, and some are after playing football right on the dock!"

"The Russians are the most polite, no problem at all," a storekeeper observes. "Always on their best behavior, you can be sure, and very careful shoppers."

"Well, now, some do give us a little trouble," a shipping agent confesses. "The British crews think they have to tear up the town. It's a tradition, like, with them. And how the Norwegians can drink!"

"Yes, and you can't imagine the problems we have with some of the stragglers and no-shows," his office colleague answers. "Do you remember the Faroe side trawler that came in a couple of years back? The captain put it to me straight. 'I want a bus to take all my crew to a good bar outside of town,' he says to me. 'That's all they want to do, so let's rent the place for twenty-four hours, get them all good and drunk, and then have the bus bring them straight back to the ship.' Well, you know, that's just what we did."

"Come to think of it, it was a damn sensible arrangement," he adds in afterthought. "I wish there were more like that Faroe skipper."

The approach from the sea to these and other sensible arrangements is both spectacular and inviting, but much too brief. This is because St. John's is what seafarers like to call a hole in the wall. The first landfall is always an unbroken line of cliffs. As far as one can see, to the north or to the south, there is not a semblance of protection — not even a sheltering bight, a baylike configuration — in the wall of rock. The only sign of man's presence is the headland of Cape

Spear, the easternmost point of North America, crowned by a solitary lighthouse. But at about seven miles out on a clear day, one begins to distinguish a rocky knob, standing apart from the cliffs and rising abruptly five hundred feet above sea level, on top of which sits a small stone castle. This is Signal Hill, so named because its summit marks the point where, in 1901, Guillermo Marconi received his first transatlantic wireless message. Then, approximately three or four miles farther in, a small chink appears in the rock wall. Engines are slowed, the ship adjusts course, and suddenly the view through the chink opens up like a fan to show church steeples, drab gray stone and red brick buildings, long docks, warehouses, cranes — a city of one hundred thousand, in short, crowding the hills around a pear-shaped body of water. This is St. John's harbor, measuring no more than a snug mile and a half from end to end and a mere half-mile at its widest.

The rest comes very quickly. The Canadian pilot swings aboard smartly and sets the course to split the middle of the Narrows at the harbor entrance. (Well named, the Narrows are in fact less than eight hundred feet wide; more than once in St. John's history a stray iceberg has grounded in their mouth and effectively sealed off the harbor.) Within minutes the rocky fastness of Signal Hill towers close to starboard. Equally close to port, at the foot of a plunging ridge, is Fort Amherst Light, its foghorn wailing on all but the clearest of days. But there are no special dangers, and the Narrows are easily passed. Then, almost before anyone is ready for it, there is the long wharf and the bench-lined promenade of Harbour Drive.

The transition is jarring. At one moment a fishing vessel is rising and falling to the long swells of the open Atlantic, its only home for many months. Fifteen minutes later it is tied up in the center of a noisy city. Inevitably, the fishermen will line the rails, staring blankly. They can look at eye level through the back windows of office buildings and watch people at work. They see automobiles whizz by. They hear horns blare and heavy trucks rumble. Here is a policeman whistling down a driver. Is he going to give the man a ticket? There is a pretty young girl parking her car in a waterfront lot and walking briskly up one of the narrow side streets. Is she late for work or merely going shopping? To the staring fishermen such questions assume great importance. They are not idle or foolish, and one must try to understand them or give a token answer. Always, during the first moments in port, a struggle is taking place. The fishermen are straining hard to project themselves into the conventionalities of normal, dry-land existence. But all the associations of this existence, all the reference points — half forgotten during the nine or ten months of each year spent at sea — are rushing in pell-mell on them. The signals are too numerous; they impinge too quickly. It is hard for the fishermen. They are disoriented, in a way that no landsman ever experiences.

But not, usually, for very long. The Russians soon crowd down their gangplanks in groups of three or four. They carry cheap suitcases or empty string bags, the better to do their careful shopping. The Spanish go to their Hogar del Marino, conveniently located on Water Street in the heart of the downtown shopping district. Here they play cards, drink



After months at sea, arriving in port is jarring

strong coffee, and exchange news from home in rooms with tile floors and ornamental grillwork. Rare visitors like the Rumanians or the Cubans stand on the corners, utterly confused. ("They think they've come to a place called America," a professor at St. John's Memorial University once explained to me. "They have this image of Miami Beach or Disneyland, so the reality is quite a shock.") The West Germans, especially the older officers, seem a little tentative as they explore St. John's, or at least careful in their choice of which establishments they frequent. Perhaps this is because everywhere they turn there seem to be monuments to World War I and II dead, as befits a city that contributed more than its share to both those conflicts.

By the end of the day, however, nearly all deckhands or factory workers will head for the El Tico restaurant or the Stardust Club, the only two bars in St. John's which cater especially to foreign fishermen. Here they crowd around tables by country — there is not much international fraternization — to drink hard and listen to jukebox music in dimly lit rooms heavy with tobacco smoke and the smell of stale beer. (Notably absent are the Russians; the rules for conduct of Soviet seamen abroad prohibit visits to public bars or taverns.) At the Stardust Club the scene is sometimes enlivened by the presence of Newfoundland girls who come in from out of town "for a bit of a change, something different, don't you know," as one of them once explained it to me. Occasionally, they find what they are looking for. Some interesting liaisons may result.

"Oh, yes, I once met a very comely lass at the Stardust," a British first mate has confided to me. "I simply asked her for a dance. 'Oh, thank you very much,' she

says to me, very polite. Well, now, I still can't believe what happened next. She ups and asks me if she and five of her mates can visit the ship! 'For sure, love,' I says, so they move right in with us. She organizes her troupe, pairs each one off with one of us, and tells who to do what. They made our beds, did our laundry, and helped us cook up some grand meals. Now that was a jolly time, I tell you! One of the lasses did it in the shower with the fourth engineer — he was very conservative — after catching him by surprise there. And didn't we have a great laugh over that!

"I forgot to say we were in port waiting for engine parts. They stayed with us five days. They were very good to us, those Newfoundland lasses. When it come time to sail, they made up some diplomas and give us prizes, little souvenirs, like, from the local gift shops. One for the best in bed, one for the best cook's helper, one for standing the most drinks, things like that. I still have mine. It's some kind of little doll made of sealskin.

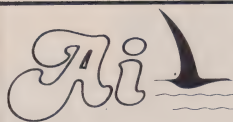
"Aye, it's the good times you have to remember," my informant concluded. Without them, he added, he would find it hard to continue, to sign up for one trip after another.

It is very seldom, however, that a night at the El Tico or Stardust Club ends in the above manner. A more common scene is fishermen weaving their way back to their ships through icy and deserted streets, since downtown St. John's is a dead city by night. It may be that you will see the younger men singing to themselves or laughing as they slip and slide in their high-heeled dress shoes down the steep side streets leading to Harbour Drive. But many others will be grim-faced and silent. Or drunkenly cursing the

end of a joyless excursion.

A similar scene, of course, is played out in fishing ports around the world, and mixed emotions everywhere color fishermen's attitudes about shore leave. They must have it. Few would sign any ship's articles without provision for at least one or two breaks in the sea routine. Not since the great age of whaling have men stayed at sea for such protracted periods, it is necessary to remember, and no whaler ever suffered the continuous and exhausting work schedules of the modern distant water fisherman. Yet, when shore leave is done, few are ever happy or satisfied. This is because, unlike all other ships, a fishing vessel does not measure its journey by miles logged along a fixed course. Rather, it is the degree to which the fishhold is filled. Any interruptions in the filling process, therefore, mean a delay in the total journey. Here, of course, lie the roots of the fishermen's ambivalence about port calls. The men may look forward to going ashore, but they also know that they will be entering a hold pattern or that every day spent in port is a day more away from home. Tension builds up proportionately and relief comes only with a return to fishing. Seldom, therefore, is general morale so high as in the first few days following shore leave. Ship's doctors worried about the mental health of some of their patients know this and look for signs of improvement during this period. Captains know it, too, and often steam fast to the nearest ground to take advantage of it by putting their men to work as soon as possible. ☒

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Feb. 5-23 — *Representations of Masculinity* — an exhibition curated by Wilma Needham. Held at the Eye Level Gallery, Halifax

Feb. 15-Mar. 10 — *Tom Miller and the Mermaid Theatre* — an exhibit featuring masks, puppets, costumes, posters, banners and films. At the Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery, Halifax

Mar. 4-9 — "Halifax Woman '85" — an event featuring lectures, exhibits, fashion workshops and fashion shows designed to be of interest to the "Halifax Woman." Held at the Halifax Shopping Centre

Mar. 5-23 — An exhibit of sculpture by Bernie Millar, Eye Level Gallery, Halifax

Mar. 5-23 — An exhibit of sculpture by Greg White, Eye Level Gallery, Halifax

Mar. 7 — The Truro Art Society will hold an art auction in the Colchester East Hants Library

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

To Feb. 10 — *Contemporary Prince Edward Island Folk Art*. This exhibition pays tribute to Island folk artists and is intended to complement *Folk Art* from the permanent collection. Held at the Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

Feb. 14-Mar. 24 — *Prairie Houses 1850-1950*. A graphic exhibition illustrating the evolution of urban and rural housing on the prairies from the time of early settlement to post-Second World War. Sponsored by the Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature and the Canadian Housing Design Council, with support from the Museum Assistance Programmes, National Museums of Canada. Held at the Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

Feb. 24-Mar. 24 — *Photography Competition: Prince County Houses*. This exhibition will be shown in conjunction with *Prairie Houses*. Held at the Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

Mar. 2 — *Bach and Handel, 300th birthday celebration*. This concert is part of the Charlottetown Chamber Music Series. Held in the Georgian Room of the Charlottetown Hotel at 8 p.m.

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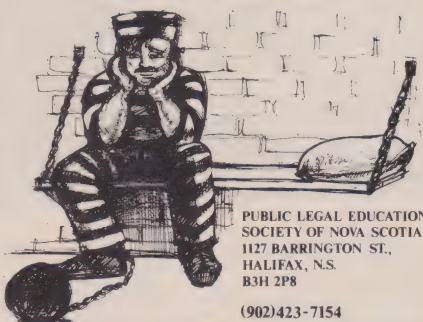
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by the New Brunswick Museum and the Provincial Archives of New Brunswick. Illustrates how cartographers have portrayed the province of New Brunswick over the last 300 years. Held at the New Brunswick Museum, Saint John

Feb. 2 — Pianist Nhat Viet Phi from Moncton will be at the Woodstock High School Theatre, Woodstock

Feb. 4-28 — Fred Ross — *Paintings in Mexico, 1949-1951*. An exhibition courtesy of the UNB Arts Centre, Fredericton. To be held at the City of Saint John Gallery, Saint John

Feb. 24 — G.F. Handel: Organ Concerto No. 2 in B flat; Herbert Howells: Partita; César Franck: Choral No. 1 in E major. Organ recital to be held at the Central United Church, Moncton

Mar. 4-29 — Juried exhibit of paintings by members of The Saint John Art Club, Inc., at the City of Saint John Gallery, Saint John

NEWFOUNDLAND

To Feb. 17 — *3D-NB200* — sculpture from the Galerie Restigouche, New Brunswick. Held at the Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

To Feb. 24 — *Eye Level at Memorial* — a co-operative exhibition with Eye Level Gallery, Halifax, held at the Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Feb. 11-13 — St. Martin's Concert, Gander Arts & Culture Centre, Gander
Feb. 18 — Pianist Paul Bempéchat will be at the Gander Arts & Culture Centre, Gander

Feb. 27-Apr. 14 — *Beauty Pageant* — paintings by Maureen Enns organized and circulated by the Peter Whyte Gallery, Banff, Alberta. Held at the Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Mar. 5 — Atlantic Ballet Company's "Romeo and Juliet," at the Gander Arts & Culture Centre, Gander

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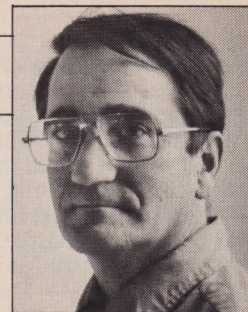
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Male image would disgust a sewer rat; time it was revised



God, Guns and Guts Made America Great." This is the inscription on a belt buckle brought back from the States by an acquaintance who works at the university here. When things are dull he displays the buckle in the U's elevators.

It is a mild diversion, he reports, to watch the "liberals" turn purple in the face and in some cases you can actually hear teeth being ground.

Lobbying or government by bumper sticker has long been practised in the States. Everything from the National Rifle Association to Ralph Nader's group bang their drums as loud as they can to impress and sway the legislators. In the past few years, this practice has slopped over into Canada.

I suppose it's always been here in some form as with the Banks or Quebec or Allan MacEachen. But the refinement from the U.S. is that whenever two or three dozen gather together in the name of air bags, scissors for the left-handed or a better deal for hamsters they've found ways to set up a terrific din. Mice, having discovered how to operate the sound system, can now roar.

Time was when a movement, cause or fad stayed with us for at least six months or a year. The Age of Aquarius? Is God Dead? The Third Wave? You could follow their progress by the headlines on U.S. magazine covers, the headlines usually ending in a question mark.

Now, the scope of a "cause" is narrower, its timespan shorter and its intensity more furious.

Pornography in March, Prostitution in April, Incest in May, Wifebattering in June . . . child abuse, rape, mass murder, serial murder, drunk driving.

What the hell is this, the Abomination of the Month club?

These are all serious social problems. Loathsome practices, most of them, and enough to turn the guts of a sewer rat. But must we gallop through the whole gruesome catalogue at such a fast and furious pace?

The glaring spotlight lingers only long enough to jerk the knees of our legislators and moves on. Laws are bunged through in a state of semi-hysteria. There's barely time to pinpoint the alarm bells when they suddenly cease and burst out again in the bushes yonder.

Another thing about this phenomenon that might concern nearly half the population, man and boy, is that this string of deviltries, suddenly discovered, pounced upon and dragged past at a whizbang pace does little or nothing for the male image.

I don't know about you, sir, but the cumulative effect is starting to get to me. What loathsome creatures men are. Raping, beating, murdering since the dawn of time.

Women? Oh, now and then the scattered one might absent-mindedly tuck a Lady Schick up her jumper and walk out of the drugstore. Hardly the same as the mass bestialities committed by men, is it?

Should we take four baths a day? Must we hide behind sunglasses? How about a universal sacrifice of male firstborn to try to make up for the unpleasantness we cause?

Not to worry, chaps. I think the more ridiculous excesses of the "women's movement" will soon be behind us.

Look what happened with the "youth movement" of a few years back. As the more frantic would have it, everyone over 30 should be exterminated.

These days, you hardly ever see a maggotty-headed young layabout, his eyes like pinwheels, wearing sandals and sloping along through a foot of slush.

Yet while most of the nonsense perished, there were some permanent accomplishments . . . new directions in music and art, a real concern for real peace, an appreciation of the environment. The pendulum swings from one extreme to the other and some of the raving psychedelics are now proper little businesses.

So, keep the faith, lads. This uproar will settle, the nonsense wither and we'll all be left with some good and sensible accomplishments. We must push a bit, though, toward that happy day.

I've just been reading the sad case of Joe X. He decided to become a househusband, stayed home and changed diapers, while the missus went off to the marketplace. But at night she went along to get her consciousness raised and be trained in assertiveness.

When she came home she would back Joe into a corner and harangue him on topics like "the tyranny of the phallus." Finally Joe ran off with someone else who didn't karate chop him when he opened the door for her.

Meanwhile, America seems to be the fountainhead of many of the extremes in the "movement." Satiety and boredom may be factors here. Most of the world's women don't have Tupperware, let alone an all-American kitchen. When some young whites were sneering at their parents and worked hard at being pseudo-poor, some young blacks hankered after the biggest, damndest Cadillac made.

U.S. women, of the few I've actually met, didn't strike me as being wretched, put upon and hard done by. Judging by them, America is a matriarchy. I've seen "the girls" bring Dwight from Des Moines sharply to heel many's the time.

There's been an uproar about the alleged put-down of women as shown on U.S. TV and in the popular prints. Good God, I ask you! How many times did Mammy Yokum lift Pappy off the ground by his scrawny little neck?

How many times did Maggie concuss Jiggs with her rolling pin? How many times did Blondie and the kids snicker behind Dagwood's back when he goofed yet again? How many times did Ma bend the frying pan over Pa Kettle's ears?

And how often did the all-American granny in her poke bonnet, headed west in a covered wagon, strangle rattlesnakes with one hand while slaughtering Sioux by the scads with the Remington in the other?

No, sir. The American woman is not the sort you'd sneak up on and bust a paper bag. She'd have your guts for garters and other odd bits for earrings. Some of the new wave take lessons in how to have your eyes out using just the bare thumbs or drive your nose back into your brain with a light tap. Jiggs had it soft.

No doubt there are men around whose preference is Sandra Dee and her twin set; others who go for Hulda, She-Wolf of Bremmerhaven. But, sweet Jesu, women, give the majority of us a bit more credit than that, will you. We don't view half the human race like that at all.

We're God's creatures, too, you know, although a few of you have marked God down for a she and Christ as doubtful.

There was a time when a young lad, if he drank his cocoa with his pinky finger stuck out straight, was hauled off to be dealt with severely by the clergy, the medical profession and the Scout Master.

Now we have cases where if a father protests against Junior leaving the house rigged out as Boy George he's put down as a vicious male pig. One attitude is as silly as the other.

I do think, though, that the worst has passed. On what do I base this conclusion? Well, I am constantly surrounded by half a houseful of woman-kind and while they never have forbidden me the use of the vacuum cleaner, neither have they expressed the urge to go out to muscle-building classes.

Must toddle along, now. My casserole is just about done. They sulk something fierce if it's burned along the edges. ☒

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